Childhood in Verse and Prose

CHILDHOOD

IN

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AN ANTHOLOGY

CHOSEN BY

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HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1923

PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY FREDERICK HALL

TO MISS MARGARET E. THOMPSON

GRATEFULLY AND WITH AFFECTION

PREFACE

THIS anthology is the result of an attempt to bring together, within the scope of a single volume, those passages of English literature from the fourteenth to the twentieth century which deal most happily with children and with childhood.

Any attempt to justify in a preface the selection of passages cannot but be futile. The extracts must speak for themselves. But it is perhaps permissible to note in passing that an attempt has been made to resist that tendency towards sentimentality which is so common and so disastrous a failing in writers whose concern is with childhood. The book is intended for those lovers of literature who happen also to be lovers of children; it is not intended to appeal directly to the maternal instinct.

Doubtless many passages which should have been included are omitted because the compiler is unfortunately ignorant of them. Of these, obviously, nothing more can be said. But the limitation of space is responsible for the omission of much that is recognized as having a strong claim for inclusion. The decision to economize by refusing to admit translations—except in the case of the brief aphorisms which head each section—has involved the withdrawal of the Shunammite's son who died upon his mother's knees, of the Lord's little servant in the Temple, and of that goodly child on whom the daughter of Pharaoh

had compassion. It has ruled out Astyanax, the son of Hector: Dante's Beatrice: St. Augustine, the babe and boy: Canace's piteous son, from Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*: Sir Thomas More's young infants of *Utopia*: a passage on the punishment of childish faults from Florio's Montaigne; and another dealing with the question as to 'howe a maiden ought to be broughte up, which shall be a Christian', from *The Christian Man's Closet, a large discourse, made dialogue wise, very pleasant to reade and most profitable to practise, collected in Latin by Bartholomew Batty and Englished by William Lowth.*

American writers have been excluded—again because of the limitation of space—and passages from Walt Whitman have been reluctantly withdrawn. Extracts from *Pearl*—the fourteenth-century poem on a father's loss of his child—have been omitted, on the ground that they would probably be largely unintelligible to the general reader unless translated. Coventry Patmore's poem 'If I were dead, you'd sometimes say "Poor child"' has also been withdrawn, as there appears to be no justification for doubt that the poem refers to his wife and not, as has often been supposed, to a child.

Many passages have been omitted on account of the extreme difficulty of excision. The critic whose impulse it is to find fault because Tom the Sweep is not among 'Young Toilers' is invited to turn to *The Water Babies* to see how hard it is in a detached paragraph—or in half a dozen paragraphs—to get him there. And where, it may be asked, is Peepy Jellaby, with his clergyman's hat and his ploughman's boots, and his scratched legs bearing their chart of his mishaps? He refused to be inveigled, shy—

not unnaturally, perhaps—at the approach of another woman with a pen and a purpose. Pip proved evasive too, and Sentimental Tommy sat down firmly with Shovel on his stair and refused to budge. Nor would Hugh Proctor be cajoled away from Crofton. His loyalty was characteristic but unkind.

Other children who had seemed in recollection to have a substance of their own, proved upon examination wholly intangible. There was Swift's little girl, for instance, crying provocatively, 'I've got an apple, Miss, and I shan't give *you* some!' There was nothing to catch at; she had peeped, mocking, and was gone.

The farcical and the purely fantastic have been alike omitted. (Swinburne held that 'Copperfield and the Waiter' was farce. It is, of course, so far as the waiter is concerned, but David himself is surely pure comedy. He is wistful and courteous, and there is no place for wistfulness and courtesy in farce.) To omit the fantastic and the elfish has involved a wrench. Puck and Ariel have been crowded out; and it had been hoped that a whole group of poems on Cupid might have been included, but the book grew too big. Alice, though the central figure in Lewis Carroll's book, is not the central figure in any of the best scenes, and although she is a flesh-and-blood child enough, she is excluded, with a pang, because she does not fully live except in Wonderland. Other omissions have been reluctantly made by reason of difficulty in obtaining permission to reprint. This is particularly to be regretted in the case of Swinburne, who is very inadequately represented by the one short poem *The Salt of the Earth*.

The extracts are grouped under headings in the hope

that such an arrangement may give to the anthology a character of its own which might have been missed had the order been purely chronological. But the arrangement is not without its disadvantages, for, having once determined the groups, it has been difficult to fit in certain attractive but unaccommodating extracts, which others—less worthy but more sociable—have been permitted, perhaps regrettably, to oust.

For complete—or nearly complete—extracts the authors' own titles have been preserved. For passages excised from much larger wholes it has been necessary to invent titles.

The principle determining the choice of texts used has not been altogether uniform. Sometimes, as for instance in certain poems by Crashaw and Traherne, less familiar versions have been preferred to others which are, perhaps, slightly superior. Contemporary texts have been followed wherever possible, except in quoting Shakespeare, when to have reverted to the old spelling might perhaps have seemed an affectation. A very few obvious misprints have been corrected, and the punctuation has been occasionally amended; but for the most part the texts, which have been noted along with the list of authors at the end of the volume, have been faithfully followed.

In compiling the collection, reference has been made to existing verse anthologies on the subject: Eric Robertson's *Children of the Poets*, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's *The Child Set in the Midst*, Mr. Thomas Burke's *Small People*, and Mr. L. S. Wood's *Poems on Infancy and Childhood*. No previous anthologies on the subject, so far as the present compiler can discover, have included prose, but

Mrs. L. F. Field's work, *The Child and his Book*, has proved of service in suggesting material on which to draw for the early prose passages, and *Manners and Meals in Olden Time*, published by the Early English Text Society, has furnished several of the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century extracts.

Acknowledgements are due to the following authors and owners of copyright: Mr. H. I. Bell for two poems by Traherne from *Poems of Felicity* (Oxford University Press); Mr. Arnold Bennett and Messrs. Methuen for 'The Mould-runner' from *Clayhanger*; Mr. Edmund Blunden for 'To Anna' (three stanzas of which have not before been published), 'Remembrance', 'The Dying Child', and 'Sport in the Meadows' from John Clare's *Poems* (Cobden Sanderson); Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. John Murray for the poem 'On a Dead Child'; the Rev. F. E. Brightman and Messrs. Methuen for a quotation from his translation of Lancelot Andrewes' prayers; Mrs. Frances Cornford for 'A Recollection' and 'Féri's Dream' from *Spring Morning* (The Poetry Book Shop); Mr. W. H. Davies and Mr. Jonathan Cape for 'The Inquest' from *Child Lovers*; Mr. Davies and Messrs. Methuen for 'Infancy' from *The Bird of Paradise*; Mr. de la Mare for 'Mima' from *Peacock Pie* (Constable) and 'The Funeral' and 'Bunches of Grapes' from *Songs of Childhood* (Longmans); Mr. Geoffrey Dennis for an extract from *Mary Lee* (Heinemann); Mrs. Eden and the other copyright owners for 'Jackanapes and the Duckling' from *Jackanapes* (S.P.C.K), and 'The Crape Tucks' from *Six to Sixteen* (Bell); Mr. Charles T. Gatty for 'Pain, the Parent of Love' from *Recognita* (Murray); Viscountess Grey of Fallodon

for 'Death' from *Sayings of the Children* (Blackwell); Mr. Edmund Gosse and Messrs. Heinemann for extracts from *Father and Son*; Mr. Thomas Hardy and Messrs. Macmillan for 'Wagtail and Baby' from *Time's Laughing Stocks*, 'Midnight on the Great Western' from *Moments of Vision*, and a passage from *Jude the Obscure*; the executors of Gerard Hopkins for 'Spring and Fall' from his *Poems* (Oxford University Press); Mr. Laurence Housman and Messrs. Duckworth for 'Jane Mattock's Baptism' from *The Sheepfold*; Mrs. Lynd for an extract from *The Thrush and the Jay* (Constable); Mr. Lauchlan Macbean for extracts from Marjorie Fleming's Journals, *Pet Marjorie* (Simpkin, Marshall); the late Katherine Mansfield for two passages from *The Garden Party* (Constable) and one from *The Doves' Nest* (Constable); the late Mrs. Meynell for three passages from *The Children* (John Lane); Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for two poems and two prose extracts from Francis Thompson's works (Burns & Oates); Mr. Conal O'Riordan and Messrs. Collins for an extract from *Adam of Dublin*; Mr. H. D. C. Pepler for 'Concerning Dragons'; Miss Petre and Mr. Edward Arnold for three extracts from Father Tyrrell's *Autobiography*; Miss Katharine Lee Bates for 'The Little Ones Greatnes' from *Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont* (Constable); Mr. Cecil J. Sharp for his version of 'The Holy Well' (*The Daily Herald*); Canon H. Maynard Smith for an extract from *Playmates*; and Mrs. Soskice for the extracts from *Chapters from Childhood* (Selwyn & Blount). Acknowledgement is also due to the following publishers: Messrs. Allen & Unwin for three extracts from Ruskin's *Praeterita*; Messrs. G. Bell

& Sons for 'The Toys' by Coventry Patmore; Mr. Basil Blackwell for 'Plumbers' from *Dunch*; Mr. Jonathan Cape for a poem from Francis Adams' *Songs of the Army of the Night*, and a passage from Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*; Messrs. Chatto & Windus for two extracts from R. L. Stevenson and for his 'God gave to me a child in part'; Messrs. Constable for an extract from *Richard Feverel* by George Meredith; Messrs. Dent & Sons for the extracts from W. H. Hudson; Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell for an extract from Traherne's *Centuries of Meditation* and for a poem by William Strode; Messrs. Heinemann for Swinburne's poem 'The Salt of the Earth', and for the extract from *The Old Man's Youth* by William de Morgan; John Lane, The Bodley Head, for a passage from Kenneth Grahame's *Dream Days*; Messrs. Longmans for R. L. Stevenson's poem 'A Thought'; Messrs. Macmillan for an extract from W. E. Gladstone's *Life*, two passages from Henry James' *A Small Boy and Others*, two passages from Walter Pater's *The Child in the House*, and for Christina Rossetti's 'Christmas Carol'; Mr. John Murray for the extract from Harriet Martineau's *Life*; Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to publish in America the extracts from R. L. Stevenson and the poem 'God gave to me a child in part'; Messrs. Selwyn & Blount for 'The Brook' by Edward Thomas; Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson for five carols from *Early English Lyrics*; and the S.P.C.K. for the extract from Christina Rossetti's *Time Flies*.

Thanks are due to Dr. Mabel Day, Secretary of the Early English Text Society, for help with the glosses of the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century extracts; to the

Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell for textual assistance; and to Miss Ethel Bartlett, Miss Vera Fraser, Miss E. E. Jessett, and Miss Frances Warren for help in correcting the proofs and compiling indices.

S. M.

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'THIS TENDER AGE.'

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MARK.

The childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day.

JOHN MILTON.

Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

This Tender Age

THIS tender Age is like water spilt vpon a table, which with a finger wee may draw and direct which way we list; or like the young Hop, which, if wanting a pole, taketh hold of the next hedge: so that now is the time (as Waxe) to worke it plyant to any forme.

HENRY PEACHAM.

A Character

A CHILD is a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of *Adam* before hee tasted of *Eue*, or the Apple; and hee is happy whose small practice in the World can only write his Character. Hee is natures fresh picture newly drawne in Oyle, which time and much handling dimmes and defaces. His Soule is yet a white paper vnscribled with obseruations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, because hee knowes no euill, nor hath made meanes by sinne, to be acquainted with misery. He arriues not at the mischiefe of being wise, nor endures euils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loues all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worme-wood. He playes yet, like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his taske

of melancholly. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to vse so deceitfull an Organ; and hee is best company with it, when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horses, but the Emblems, & mocking of mens businesse. His father hath writ him as his owne little story, wherein hee reades those dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he has outliu'd. The elder he growes, hee is a stayre lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his purenesse, and the other fals into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heauen for another.

JOHN EARLE.

The Retreate

HAPPY those early dayes! when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought,
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space,)
Could see a glimpse of his bright-face;

THE RETREATE

When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*,
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A se'vrall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine,
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees;
But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn
In that state I came return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Childe-hood

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.
Why should men love
A Wolf, more than a Lamb or Dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and Gods own beams?
Who kisseth thorns, will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living (*fie on men!*)
Are when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach, is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self,
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the *Practice* worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span,
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please, without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice, that would Gods face see;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee, more then ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges, and thy bordering light!
O for thy Center and mid-day!
For sure that is the *narrow way*.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Little Ones Greatnes

LET ye Brave Proud, & Mighty Men
Passe on in state
Unto some Gate
Ample enough to let them in.

My palace door was ever narrow:
No Mountains may
Crowd in that way,
Nor at a Needles Eye get thorow.

THE LITTLE ONES GREATNES

Heavn needeth no such helps as They:
My Royall Seat
Is high & great
Enough wthout poore heaps of Clay.

Without Hydropick Names of Pride,
Without y^{e} gay
Deceits y^{t} play
About fond Kings on every side.

Let all y^{e} bunched Camells goe
With this rich load
To y^{e} Broad Road,
Heavn needs no Treasure from below:

But rather little tender things,
On whom to poure
Its own vast store,
And make of Wormes, celestiall Kings.

Heavns little Gate is onely fit
Deare Babes, for you,
And I, you know,
Am but a Lamb, though King of it.

Come then, meek Brethren, hither come,
These armes you see
At present, bee
The Gate by which you must goe home.

There will I meet with you againe,
And mounted on
My gentle Throne
Soft King of Lambs for ever reigne.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

The Salutation

THESE little Limbs,
These Eys & Hands wch here I find,
This panting Heart wherwith my Life begins;
Where have ye been? Behind
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was, in what Abyss, my new-made Tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand thousand Years
Beneath the Dust did in a *Chaos* ly.
How could I *Smiles*, or *Tears*,
Or *Lips*, or *Hands*, or *Eys*, or *Ears* perceiv?
Welcom ye Treasures wch I now receiv.

I that so long
Was *Nothing* from Eternity,
Did little think such Joys as Ear & Tongue
To celebrat or see:
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,
Such Eys & Objects, on the Ground to meet.

New burnisht Joys!
Which finest Gold and Pearl excell!
Such sacred Treasures are the Limbs of Boys
In which a Soul doth dwell:
Their organized Joints & azure Veins
More Wealth include than the dead World conteins

THE SALUTATION

From Dust I rise
And out of Nothing now awake;
These brighter Regions wch salute mine Eys
A Gift from God I take:
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the lofty Skies,
The Sun & Stars are mine; if these I prize.

A Stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see,
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all & New to me:
But that they *mine* should be who Nothing was,
That Strangest is of all; yet brought to pass.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

Wonder

HOW like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among his Works I did appear
O how their Glory did me crown!
The World resembled his ETERNITY,
In which my Soul did walk;
And evry thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The Skies in their Magnificence,
The lovly lively Air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The Stars did entertain my Sense;
And all the Works of God so bright & pure,
So rich & great, did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my Esteem.

A Nativ Health & Innocence
Within my Bones did grow,
And while my God did all his Glories show
I felt a vigor in my Sense
That was all SPIRIT: I within did flow
With Seas of Life like Wine;
I nothing in the World did know
But 'twas Divine.

Harsh rugged Objects were conceal'd,
Oppressions, Tears, & Cries,
Sins, Griefs, Complaints, Dissentions, weeping Eys,
Were hid: And only things reveal'd
Which hevenly Spirits & the Angels prize:
The State of Innocence
And Bliss, not Trades & Poverties,
Did fill my Sense.

The Streets seem'd paved wth golden Stones,
The Boys & Girls all mine;
To me how did their lovly faces shine!
The Sons of men all Holy ones,
In Joy & Beauty, then appear'd to me;
And evry Thing I found
(While like an Angel I did see)
Adorn'd the Ground.

Rich Diamonds, & Pearl, & Gold
Might evry where be seen;
Rare Colors, yellow, blew, red, white, & green
Mine Eys on evry side behold:
All that I saw, a Wonder did appear,
Amazement was my Bliss:
That & my Wealth met evry where.
No Joy to this!

Curs'd, ill-devis'd Proprieties
With Envy, Avarice,
And Fraud, (those Fiends that spoil ev'n Paradise)
Were not the Object of mine Eys;
Nor Hedges, Ditches, Limits, narrow Bounds:
I dreamt not ought of those,
But in surveying all mens Grounds
I found Repose.

For Property its self was mine,
And Hedges, Ornaments:
Walls, Houses, Coffers, & their rich Contents,
To make me Rich combine.
Cloaths, costly Jewels, Laces, I esteem'd
My Wealth by others worn,
For me they all to wear them seem'd,
When I was born.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

'A Little Child, a Limber Elf'

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks . . . . . .

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Childhood

AYE, at that time our days wer but vew,
An' our lim's wer but small, an' a-growèn;
An' then the feäir worold wer new,
An' life wer all hopevul an' gaÿ;
An' the times o' the sproutèn o' leaves,
An' the cheäk-burnèn seasons o' mowèn,
An' bindèn o' red-headed sheaves,
Wer all welcome seasons o' jaÿ.

CHILDHOOD

Then the housen seem'd high, that be low,
An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow,
An' time, that do vlee, did goo slow,
An' veelèns now feeble wer strong,
An' our worold did end wi' the neämes
Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow;
An' life did seem only the geämes
That we plaÿ'd as the days rolled along.

Then the rivers, an' high-timber'd lands,
An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyèn,
Did seem to come into our hands
Vrom others that own'd em avore;
An' all zickness, an' sorrow, an' need,
Seem'd to die wi' the wold vo'k a-dyèn,
An' leäve us vor ever a-freed
Vrom evils our forefathers bore.

But happy be children the while
They have elders a-livèn to love em,
An' teäke all the wearisome tweil
That zome hands or others mus' do;
Like the low-headed shrubs that be warm,
In the lewth o' the trees up above em,
A-screen'd vrom the cwold blowèn storm
That the timber avore em must rue.

WILLIAM BARNES.

tweil] toil. lewth] shelter.

The Salt of the Earth

IF childhood were not in the world,
  But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
  No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
  And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
  Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
  Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers
  And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never
  They felt a child's foot leap and run,
This were a drearier star than ever
  Yet looked upon the sun.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The Virtue of Childhood

IT is assuredly in the absence of resentment that consists the virtue of childhood. What other thing are we to learn of children? Not simplicity, for they are intricate enough. Not gratitude; for their usual sincere thanklessness makes half the pleasure of doing them good. Not obedience; for the child is born with the love of liberty. And as for humility, the boast of a child is the frankest thing in the world. A child's natural vanity is not merely the delight in his own possessions, but the triumph over others less fortunate. If this emotion were not so young it would be exceedingly unamiable. But the truth must be confessed that having very quickly learnt the value of comparison and relation, a child rejoices in the perception that what he has is better than what his brother has; that comparison is a means of judging his fortune, after all. It is true that if his brother showed distress, he might make haste to offer an exchange. But the impulse of joy is candidly egoistic.

It is the sweet and entire forgiveness of children, who ask pity for their sorrows from those who have caused them, who do not perceive that they are wronged, who never dream that they are forgiving, and who make no bargain for apologies—it is this that men and women are urged to learn of a child. Graces more confessedly childlike they may make shift to teach themselves.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE CHRIST-CHILD

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT LUKE.

'I sing of a maiden'

I SING of a maiden
That is makėles,
King of all kinges
To her sone sche ches.
He cam also stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.
He cam also stille
To his moderės bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.
He cam also stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.
Moder and maiden
Was never non but sche;
Well may swich a lady
Godės moder be.

UNKNOWN.

makėles] without a mate. ches] chose.

'Lullay, my child'

LULLAY, my child, and wepe no more,
Slepe and be now still.
The king of bliss thy fader is
As it was his will.

This endris night I saw a sight,
A maid a cradell kepe,
And ever she song and seid among
'Lullay, my child, and slepe.'

'I may not slepe, but I may wepe,
I am so wo begone;
Slepe I wold, but I am colde,
And clothês have I none.'

Me thought I hard, the child answard,
And to his moder he said,
'My moder dere, what do I here,
In cribbe why am I laid?

'I was borne and laid beforne
Bestês, both ox and asse.
My moder mild, I am thy child,
But he my fader was.

this endris] the other. among] meanwhile.

'LULLAY, MY CHILD'

'Adam's gilt this man had spilt;
That sin greveth me sore.
Man, for thee here shall I be
Thirty winter and more.

'Dole it is to see, here shall I be
Hangëd upon the rode,
With baleis to-bete, my woundes to-wete,
And yeve my fleshe to bote.

'Here shall I be hanged on a tree,
And die as it is skill.
That I have bought lesse will I nought,
It is my fader's will.

'A spere so scharp shall perse my herte,
For dedes that I have done.
Fader of grace, whether thou has
Forgeten thy litell sone?

'Withouten pety here shall aby,
And make my fleshe all blo.
Adam, iwis, this deth it is
For thee and many mo.'

UNKNOWN.

baleis] scourges. to-bete] sorely beaten.
to-wete] wet [with blood]. yeve . . . bote] give . . . for amends.
skill] reason. lesse] lose. aby] suffer. blo] livid.

Lullaby

THIS endris night I saw a sight,
A stare as bright as day;
And ever among a maiden song,
'Lullay, by by, lullay.'

This lovely lady sat and song,
And to her child con say,
'My sone, my broder, my fader dere,
Why liest thou thus in hay?
My swetė brid, thus it is betid,
Thogh thou be king veray;
But nevertheles I wil not cese
To sing, By by, lullay.'

The child than spak in his talking,
And to his moder said,
'I bekid am for heven king,
In cribbe thogh I be laid;
For aungeiles bright done to me light.
Thou knowest it is no nay.
And of that sight thou mayst be light
To sing, By by, lullay.'

'Now, swetė sone, sin thou art king,
Why art thou laid in stall?
Why ne thou ordende thy bedding
In sum gret kingės hall?

this endris] the other. con say] did say. brid] bird.
bekid] proclaimed. done . . . light] descend.

Me thinketh it is right, that king or knight
Shuld lie in good aray;
And than among it were no wrong
To sing, By by, lullay.'

'Mary moder, I am thy child,
Thogh I be laid in stall;
Lordės and dukes shall worsship me
And so shall kingės all.
Ye shall well see that kingės three
Shall come the twelfthė day.
For this behest yeve me thy brest,
And sing, By by, lullay.'

'Now tell me, swete son, I thee pray,
Thou art me leve and dere,
How shuld I kepe thee to thy pay
And make thee glad of chere?
For all thy will I wold fullfill,
Thou weteste full well in fay;
And for all this I will thee kiss,
And sing, By by, lullay.'

'My dere moder, whan time it be,
Thou take me up on loft,
And settė me upon thy knee,
And handell me full soft;
And in thy arme thou hill me warme,
And kepė night and day;
If that I wepe, and may not slepe,
Thou sing, By by, lullay.'

yeve] give. leve] pleasing. pay] liking. weteste] knowest. fay] faith. hill] cover.

LULLABY

'Now swetė son, sin it is so,
That all thing is at thy will,
I pray thee grauntė me a bone,
If it be both right and skill,
That child or man that will or can
Be mery upon my day,
To blisse hem bring, and I shall sing
Lullay, By by, lullay.'

UNKNOWN.

'*Hail, comly and clene*'

Primus Pastor

HAIL, comly and clene,
Hail, yong child!
Hail, maker, as I meene,
Of a maden so milde!
Thou hast warėd, I weene,
The warlo so wilde;
The fals giler of teen,
Now goes he begilde.
Lo! he merys,
Lo! he laghės, my sweting.
A welfare meting!
I have holden my heting.
Have a bob of cherys!

warėd] cursed. warlo] warlock, devil. giler] beguiler.
teen] woe. welfare] happy. heting] promise.

Secundus Pastor

Hail, sufferan Savioure,
For thou has us soght!
Hail, frely foyde and floure,
That all thing has wroght!
Hail, full of favoure,
That made all of noght!
Hail! I kneel and I cowre.
A bird have I broght
To my barne.
Hail, litel tinè mop!
Of oure crede thou art crop;
I wold drink on thy cop,
Litel day starne.

Tertius Pastor

Hail, derling dere,
Full of godhede!
I pray thee be nere
When that I have nede.
Hail! Swete is thy chere;
My hart woldè blede
To see thee sitt here
In so poorè wede,
With no pennys.
Hail! Put furth thy dall!
I bring thee bot a ball;
Have and play thee with all,
And go to the tenis!

UNKNOWN.

frely foyde] noble child. mop] baby. crop] head.
dall] hand.

'As I up rose in a morning'

MODER, white as lily flour,
Your lulling lesseth my langour.

As I up rose in a morning,
My thought was on a maidė ying,
That song aslepe with her lulling
  Her derė sone, our Saviour.

As she him toke all in her lap,
He toke that maiden be the pap,
And toke thereof a right god nap,
  And soke his fille of that licour.

To his moder than he gan say,
'For this milk me mustė deye;
It is my kind therewith to play,
  My swete moder, my par amour.'

The maiden freely gan to sing,
And in her song she made morning,
How he that is our heven king
  Shuld shed his blod with grete dolour.

'Your weping, moder, greveth me sore;
But I wold deye, ye wern forlore.
Do way, moder, and wepe no more!
  Your lulling lesseth my langour.'

UNKNOWN.

ying] young. nap] tug. kind] nature.

Ovr Blessed Ladies Lvllaby

VPON my lap my soueraigne sits,
And sucks vpon my brest,
Meanewhyle his loue sustaines my lyf,
And giues my body rest.
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

When thow ha'st taken thy repast,
Repose (my Babe) on mee,
So may thy moother and thy nurs
Thy cradle also bee.
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

I grieue that duty doth not woork
All what my wishing would,
Because I would not bee to thee
But in the best I should,
Sing lullaby my litle boy,
Sing lullaby my liues ioy.

Yet as I am and as I may
I must and wilbe thyne,
Though all to litle for thy self,
Voutsafing to be myne,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My wits my woords, my deeds, my thoughts,
And els what is in mee,
I rather wil not wish to vse,
If not in seruing thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My babe, my blis, my chyld, my choyce,
My frute my flower, and bud,
My Iesus, and my only ioy,
The somme of all my good.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

My sweetnesse and the sweetest moste,
That heauen could earth deliuer,
Soule of my loue, spirit of my lyf,
Abyde with mee for euer.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Liue stil with mee, and bee my loue,
And death wil mee refraine,
Vnlesse thow let mee dy with thee,
To liue with the againe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Leaue now to waile thow lucklesse wight,
That wrought'st thy races woe,
Redresse is found, and foiled is
Thy frute-aluring foe.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Thy frute of death from Paradise
Made thee exyled mourne,
My frute of lyf to Paradise
Makes ioyful thy returne.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Grow vp good frute, bee nowrisht by
These fountaines two of mee,
That only flow with maidens milk,
The only meat for thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

The earth is now a heau'n become,
And this base bower of myne
A princely pallas vnto mee,
My Sonne doth make to shyne,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

His sight giues cleerenesse to my sight,
When waking I him see,
And sleeping his myld countenance
Giues fauour vnto mee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

When I him in myne armes embrace
I feel my harte imbraced,
Eu'n by the inward grace of his,
Which hee in mee hath placed.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

And when I kis his louing lips
Then his sweet smelling breath
Doth yeild a sauor to my soule,
That feedes loue hope and faith.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

The shepheards left their keeping sheep,
For ioy to see my lambe,
How may I more reioyce to see,
My self to bee the dam.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Three Kinges their treasures hether brought,
Of incense myrh and gold,
The heauens treasure and the King
That here they might behold,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

One sorte an Angel did direct,
A star did guyde the other,
And all the fairest sonne to see
That euer had a mother.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

This sight I see, this chyld I haue,
This infant I embrace,
O endlesse comfort of the earth,
And heau'ns eternal grace.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

OVR BLESSED LADIES LVLLABY

Thee sanctitie her self doth serue,
Thee goodnesse doth attend,
Thee blessednesse doth wait vpon,
And vertues all comend,
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Great Kinges and Prophets wished haue,
To see that I possesse,
Yet wish I neuer thee to see,
If not in thankfulnesse.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

Let heauen, and earth, & saintes, & men,
Assistance giue to mee,
That all their moste occurring ayd
Augment my thankes to thee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

And let th'ensuing blessed race
Thow wilt succeeding raise,
Ioyne all their praises vnto myne,
To multiply thy praise.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

And take my seruice wel in woorth,
And Iosephs heere with mee,
Who of my husband beares the name,
Thy seruant for to bee.
Sing lullaby, &c.
Sing lullaby, &c.

RICHARD VERSTEGAN.

The burning Babe

AS I in hoarie Winters night stood shiuering in the
snowe,
Surpris'd I was with sodaine heate, which made my hart
to glowe;
And lifting vp a fearefull eye, to view what fire was neere,
A prettie Babe all burning bright did in the ayre appeare;
Who, scorched with excessiue heate, such floods of teares
did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames, which with
his teares were bred:
Alas, (quoth he) but newly borne, in fierie heates I frie,
Yet none approach to warme their harts, or feele my fire
but I;
My faultlesse breast the furnace is, the fuell wounding
thornes:
Loue is the fire, and sighes the smoake, the ashes shames
and scornes;
The fewell Iustice layeth on, and Mercie blowes the
coales,
The metall in this furnace wrought, are mens defiled soules:
For which, as now on fire I am to worke them to their
good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood.
With this he vanisht out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called vnto minde, that it was Christmasse
day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

New Prince, new pompe

BEHOLD a silly tender Babe,
In freesing Winter night;
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas a pittious sight:
The Innes are full, no man will yeeld
This little Pilgrime bed;
But forc't he is with sillie beasts,
In Crib to shrowd his head.
Despise him not for lying there,
First what he is enquire:
An orient pearle is often found,
In depth of dirtie mire.
Waigh not his Crib, his wodden dish,
Not beasts that by him feede:
Waigh not his Mothers poore attire,
Nor Iosephs simple weede.
This stable is a Princes Court,
The Crib his chaire of state:
The beasts are parcell of his Pompe,
The wodden dish his plate.
The persons in that poore attire,
His royall liueries weare,
The Prince himselfe is com'n from heauen,
This pompe is prized there.
With ioy approach ô Christian wight,
Doe homage to thy King;
And highly prayse his humble pompe,
Which he from heauen doth bring.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

New heauen, new warre

COME to your heauen you heauenly quires,
Earth hath the heauen of your desires:
Remoue your dwelling to your God,
A stall is now his best abode;
Sith men their homage doe denie,
Come Angels all their fault supply.

His chilling cold doth heate require,
Come Seraphins in liew of fire;
This little Arke no couer hath,
Let Cherubs wings his bodie swathe:
Come Raphaell, this Babe must eate,
Prouide our little Tobie meate.

Let Gabriell be now his groome,
That first tooke vp his earthly roome;
Let Michaell stand in his defence,
Whom loue hath linkt to feeble sense,
Let Graces rocke when he doth crie,
Let Angels sing his lullabie.

The same you saw in heauenly seate,
Is he that now sucks Maries teate;
Agnize your King a mortall wight,
His borrowed weed lets not your sight:
Come kisse the maunger where he lies,
That is your blisse aboue the skies.

agnize] acknowledge.

NEW HEAUEN, NEW WARRE

This little Babe, so few dayes olde,
Is comne to ryfle Sathans folde;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himselfe for cold doe shake:
For in this weake vnarmed wise,
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With teares he fights and winnes the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His Arrowes lookes of weeping eyes,
His Martiall ensignes cold and neede,
And feeble flesh his warriers steede.

His Campe is pitched in a stall,
His bulwarke but a broken wall:
The Crib his trench, hay stalks his stakes,
Of Sheepheards he his Muster makes;
And thus as sure his foe to wound,
The Angells trumps alarum sound.

My soule with Christ ioyne thou in fight,
Stick to the tents that he hath dight;
Within his Crib is surest ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard:
If thou wilt foyle thy foes with ioy,
Then flit not from the heauenly boy.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a child

GO prettie child, and beare this Flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
He is the *Rose of Sharon* known:
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his Bibb, or Stomacher:
And tell Him, (for good handsell too)
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charme his cries, (at time of need:)
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;
But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as monilesse, as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of his;
Then never take a second on,
To spoile the first impression.

ROBERT HERRICK.

An Hymne of the Nativity, sung as by the Shepheards

Chorus.

COME we shepheards whose blest sight
Hath met Loves noone, in Natures night,
Come lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the *Sun* that lyes too long.

. . . . . .

Tityrus.

Gloomy night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay,
The *Babe* look't up and shew'd his face,
In spite of darknesse it was day:
It was thy day, *Sweet*! and did rise,
Not from the *East*, but from thine eyes.

Chorus. It was thy day, Sweet, &c.

Thyrsis.

Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars,
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars,
By those sweet eyes perswasive powers,
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowers.

Chorus. By those sweet Eyes, &c.

Both.

We saw thee in thy Balmey Nest
Bright *dawn* of our eternall *day*!
We saw thine eyes break from their *East*,
And chace the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine owne sweet light.

Tityrus.

Poore world (said I) what wilt thou doe
To entertaine this starrie *stranger*?
Is this the best thou canst bestow
A cold, and not too cleanly *manger*?
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Chorus. Contend ye Powers, &c.

Thyrsis.

Proud world (said I) cease your contest,
And let the mighty *Babe* alone,
The Phœnix builds the Phœnix' nest,
Love's Architecture is all one.
The Babe whose birth embraves this *morne*,
Made his own Bed ere he was borne.

Chorus. The Babe, &c.

Tityrus.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering ore the places head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the faire *Infant's* Bed:
Forbeare (said I) be not too bold
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Chorus. Forbeare (said I,) &c.

Thyrsis.

I saw the obsequious Seraphins
Their Rosie *Fleece* of *Fire* bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heaven it selfe lyes here below:
Well done (said I) but are you sure
Your downe so warme, will passe for pure.

Chorus. Well done (said we,) &c.

Tityrus.

No, no, your *King's* not yet to seeke
Where to repose his Royall *Head*,
See see, how soone his new-bloom'd *cheeke*
Twixt mothers brests is gone to bed.
Sweet choice (said I!) no way but so
Not to lye cold, yet sleep in snow.

Chorus. Sweet choice, &c.

. . . . . .

Full Chorus.

Welcome all *wonders* in one sight!
Eternitie shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in Earth, and God in man;
Great little one! Whose all embracing birth
Lifts earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

. . . . . .

She sings Thy Teares a sleep, and dips
Her Kisses in thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lye.
She 'gainst those Mother-Diamonds tries
The points of her young Eagles eyes.

AN HYMNE OF THE NATIVITY

Welcome, though not to those gay flyes
  Guilded i' th' beames of earthly Kings,
Slippery soules in smiling eyes,
  But to poor Shepheards, home-spun things,
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicitie.

Yet when young *Aprill's* husband showers,
  Shall bless the fruitfull *Maia's* bed,
Wee'l bring the first-borne of her flowers,
  To kisse thy feet, and crowne thy head.
To thee dread *Lamb*! whose love must keepe
The shepheards more than they their sheepe.

To Thee meeke *Majestie*! soft King
  Of simple *Graces* and sweet *Loves*;
Each of vs his *Lamb* will bring,
  Each his paire of Silver Doves,
Till burnt at last in fire of thy faire eyes,
Our selves become our owne best sacrifice.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

The Holy Well

AS it fell out on a May morning,
And upon one bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His mother dear
If He might go to play.

'To play, to play, now get you gone,
And to play pray get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint
To-night when you come home.'

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue could tell.

He said: 'God bless you every one,
May Christ your portion be.
Little children, shall I play with you
And you shall play with me?'

And they all joined and answered: 'No,
We are lords' and ladies' sons all;
And thou art but a mean mother's child
Born in an oxen-stall.'

Sweet Jesus turnèd him away
And bitterly did cry;
The tears came trickling from His eyes
Like water from the sky.

Then up the street sweet Jesus went,
And made no stop nor stay,
Until He came to His own mother's gate
And called for His mild Mary.

'I have been down to yonder town
As far as the Holy Well,
And there did see as fine children
As any tongue could tell.

'I said God bless them every one,
May Christ their portion be,
I asked them should I play with them
And they should play with me.

'And they all joined and answered: "No,
We are lords' and ladies' sons all,
And thou art but a mean mother's child
Born in an oxen-stall".'

'Well, if you are but a mean mother's child
Born in an oxen-stall,
You are the God, the King over them,
You can reign above them all.

'O you go down to yonder town
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away their sinful souls
And dip them deep in hell.'

'Nay, nay, nay, nay,' sweet Jesus said,
'Nay, nay, that cannot be;
There are too many sinful souls in hell
Crying out for the help of Me.'

UNKNOWN.

A Christmas Carol

IN the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Angels and archangels
  May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
  Throng'd the air,
But only His mother
  In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
  With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
  Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
  I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
  I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,
  Give my heart.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

Lo, children and the fruit of the womb: are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.

Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children.

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

For sweetening of the world in infants . . . Glory be to Thee, o Lord.

LANCELOT ANDREWES.

Some admiring what motives to mirth Infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved (how truely I know not) that then they converse with ANGELS, as indeed such cannot amongst mortals finde any fitter Companions.

THOMAS FULLER.

A sweet Lullabie

COME little babe, come silly soule,
Thy fathers shame, thy mothers griefe,
Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy selfe vnhappie chiefe:
Sing Lullabie and lap it warme,
Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.

Thou little thinkst and lesse doost knowe,
The cause of this thy mothers moane,
Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
And I my selfe am all alone:
Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile?
And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle.

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine onely ioy; what can I more:
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore;
Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wayle the time, but be thou still.

And doest thou smile, oh thy sweete face,
Would God himselfe he might thee see,
No doubt thou wouldst soone purchace grace
I know right well for thee and mee:
But come to mother babe and play,
For father false is fled away.

A SWEET LULLABIE

Sweet boy if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home againe to send,
If death do strike me with his launce,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
If any aske thy mothers name,
Tell how by loue she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart soone yeêld,
I know him of a noble minde,
Although a Lyon in the field,
A Lamb in towne thou shalt him finde:
Aske blessing babe, be not afrayde,
His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou ioy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seeme to moane,
Thy father is no Rascall lad,
A noble youth of blood and boane:
His glancing lookes if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come little boy and rocke a sleepe,
Sing lullabie and be thou still,
I that can doe nought else but weepe,
Wil sit by thee and waile my fill;
God blesse my babe and lullabie,
From this thy fathers qualitie.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

'Weepe not my wanton'

WEEPE not my wanton smile vpon my knee,
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
Mothers wagge, pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him so,
When he left his pretie boy,
Last his sorrowe, first his ioy.

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one anothers place supplies:
Thus he grieud in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his hart,
When he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept;
Mother cride, babie lept:
More he crowde, more we cride;
Nature could not sorowe hide.

'WEEPE NOT MY WANTON'

He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse:
For he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorowe, fathers ioy.
Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee:
When thou art olde ther's griefe inough for thee.

ROBERT GREENE.

Song

GOLDEN slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,
You are care and care must keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

THOMAS DEKKER.

Infant Joy

'I have no name:
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

INFANT JOY

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Infant Sorrow

MY mother groan'd, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt;
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling-bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

WALTER SCOTT.

'Thou, Baby Innocence'

THOU, Baby Innocence!—unseen of me,
New bursting leaflet of the eternal tree,
That thou art sweet, is all I know of thee.

I know thou must be innocent and fair,
And dimpled soft as other babies are;
But then—what impress doth thy image bear?

Which most prevails, the mother or the sire?
Are thine eyes like thy father's—made of fire,
Keen to discern, and dauntless to inquire?

Or, like thy mother's, meek as summer eve,
Gracious in answer, open to receive,
Types of a soul most potent to believe?

Is thy chin cleft as sunny side of peach?
And have thy lips their own peculiar speech,
And murmurs that can chide, caress, beseech?

'THOU, BABY INNOCENCE'

Thy little hands are busy,—that I know;
Thy tiny feet are fidging to and fro;
But what 's the inner mood that stirs them so?

Not knowing what thou art, I deem it meet
To think thee whatsoe'er I think most sweet,—
A bud of promise—yet a babe complete.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A Babe Forlorn

A LITTLE, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring;
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care;—
Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

THOMAS HOOD.

Little Grand-lamas

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

S. T. C.

MY father, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (married at Bristol, October 4th, 1795, to Sarah Fricker, eldest daughter of Mr. Fricker, of Bristol), was now twenty-nine years of age, my mother thirty-one. Their second child Berkeley, born at Nether Stowey, May 10th, 1798, died while my father was in Germany, February 10th, 1799, in consequence of a cold caught after inoculated small-pox, which brought on decline. Mama used to tell me mother's tales, which, however, were confirmed by my Aunt Lovell, of this infant's noble and lovely style of beauty, his large, soft eyes, of a 'London-smoke' colour, exquisite complexion, regular features, and goodly size. She said that my father was very proud of him, and one day, when he

saw a neighbour approaching his little cottage at Stowey, snatched him away from the nurse half-dressed, and with a broad smile of pride and delight, presented him to be admired. In her lively way, she mimicked the tones of satisfaction with which he uttered, 'This is my second son'. Yet, when the answer was, 'Well, this is something like a child', he felt affronted on behalf of his little darling Hartley. . . .

Mama used to tell me that, as a young infant, I was not so fine and flourishing as Berkeley, who was of a taller make than any of her other children, or Derwent, though not quite so small as her eldest born. I was somewhat disfigured with red gum. In a few months, however, I became very presentable, and had my share of adoration. 'Little grand-lamas', my father used to call babes in arms, feeling doubtless all the while what a blessed contrivance of the Supreme Benignity it is that man, in the very weakest stage of his existence, has power in that very weakness. Then babyhood, even where attended with no special grace, has a certain loveliness of its own, and seems to be surrounded, as by a spell, in its attractions for the female heart and for all hearts which partake of woman's tenderness, and whose tenderness is drawn out by circumstances in that particular direction.

SARA COLERIDGE.

Willie Winkie

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed, for it 's now ten o'clock?'

'Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?
The cat 's singing grey thrums to the sleeping hen,
The dog 's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gi'e a cheep,
But here 's a waukrife laddie! that winna fa' asleep.'

Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crawing like a cock,
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk'ning sleeping fock.

'Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean 's in a creel!
Wambling aff a bodie's knee like a very eel,
Rugging at the cat's lug, and raveling a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!'

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gi'es strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

singing grey thrums] purring. raveling a' her thrums] interrupting the cat's purring (or ? ruffling her fur). stoorie] restless. stoussie] stout, healthy child.

The Inquest

I TOOK my oath I would enquire,
Without affection, hate, or wrath,
Into the death of Ada Wright—
So help me God! I took that oath.

When I went out to see the corpse,
The four months babe that died so young,
I judged it was seven pounds in weight,
And little more than one foot long.

One eye, that had a yellow lid,
Was shut—so was the mouth, that smiled;
The left eye open, shining bright—
It seemed a knowing little child.

For as I looked at that one eye,
It seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
'What caused my death you'll never know—
Perhaps my mother murdered me.'

When I went into court again,
To hear the mother's evidence—
It was a love-child, she explained,
And smiled, for our intelligence.

'Now, Gentlemen of the Jury,' said
The coroner—'this woman's child
By misadventure met its death.'
'Aye, aye,' said we. The mother smiled.

And I could see that child's one eye
Which seemed to laugh, and say with glee:
'What caused my death you'll never know—
Perhaps my mother murdered me.'

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

Infancy

BORN to the world with my hands clenched,
I wept and shut my eyes;
Into my mouth a breast was forced,
To stop my bitter cries.
I did not know—nor cared to know—
A woman from a man;
Until I saw a sudden light,
And all my joys began.

From that great hour my hands went forth,
And I began to prove
That many a thing my two eyes saw
My hands had power to move:
My fingers now began to work,
And all my toes likewise;
And reaching out with fingers stretched,
I laughed, with open eyes.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

'O YONGË FRESHË FOLKES—

HE AND SHE'

We were . .
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal . . .
We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known.

WILLIAM COWPER.

(i.)

A litel Clergeon

THER was in Asie, in a greet citee,
Amonges cristen folk, a Iewerye,
Sustened by a lord of that contree
For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,
Hateful to Crist and to his companye ;
And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde or wende,
For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
Children an heep, y-comen of cristen blood,
That lerned in that scole yeer by yere
Swich maner doctrine as men used there,
This is to seyn, to singen and to rede,
As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among thise children was a widwes sone,
A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eek also, wher-as he saugh thimage
Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun and seye
His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-taught
Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere,
To worshipe ay, and he forgat it naught,
For sely child wol alday sone lere ;

clergeon] chorister boy. saugh] saw. sely] good.
sone lere] soon learn.

But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence.

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,
As he sat in the scole at his prymer,
He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,
As children lerned hir antiphoner;
And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and ner,
And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.

Noght wiste he what this Latin was to seye,
For he so yong and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye
Texpounden him this song in his langage,
Or telle him why this song was in usage;
This preyde he him to construe and declare
Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes bare.

. . . . . .

'And is this song maked in reverence
Of Cristes moder?' seyde this innocent;
'Now certes, I wol do my diligence
To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went;
Though that I for my prymer shal be shent,
And shal be beten thryës in an houre,
I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure.'

knowes] knees. shent] disgraced.

His felaw taughte him homward prively,
Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote.
And than he song it wel and boldely
Fro word to word, acording with the note;
Twyës a day it passed thurgh his throte,
To scoleward and homward whan he wente;
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyd, thurgh-out the Iewerye
This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye
O Alma redemptoris ever-mo.
The swetnes hath his herte perced so
Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preye,
He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Iewes herte his waspes nest,
Up swal, and seide, 'o Hebraik peple, allas!
Is this to yow a thing that is honest,
That swich a boy shal walken as him lest
In your despyt, and singe of swich sentence,
Which is agayn your lawes reverence?'

Fro thennes forth the Iewes han conspyred
This innocent out of this world to chace;
An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,
That in an aley hadde a privee place;
And as the child gan for-by for to pace,
This cursed Iew him hente and heeld him faste,
And kitte his throte, and in a pit him caste.

. . . . . .

Up swal] grew arrogant. for-by] past. hente] seized.

'O martir, souded to virginitee,
Now maystou singen, folwing ever in oon
The whyte lamb celestial,' quod she,
'Of which the grete evangelist, seint Iohn,
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they that goon
Biforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,
That never, fleshly, wommen they ne knewe.'

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night
After her litel child, but he cam noght;
For which, as sone as it was dayes light,
With face pale of drede and bisy thoght,
She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,
Til finally she gan so fer espye
That he last seyn was in the Iewerye.

With modres pitee in hir brest enclosed,
She gooth, as she were half out of hir minde,
To every place wher she hath supposed
By lyklihede hir litel child to finde;
And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde
She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroghte,
Among the cursed Iewes she him soghte.

She frayneth and she preyeth pitously
To every Iew that dwelte in thilke place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente oght for-by.
They seyde, 'nay'; but Iesu, of his grace,
Yaf in hir thought, inwith a litel space,
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde.

souded to] confirmed in. she] the Prioress, who tells the tale.
frayneth] beseecheth. Yaf in] put into.

O grete god, that parfournest thy laude
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might!
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,
He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete wente,
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,
And hastily they for the provost sente;
He cam anon with-outen tarying,
And herieth Crist that is of heven king,
And eek his moder, honour of mankinde,
And after that, the Iewes leet he binde.

This child with pitous lamentacioun
Up-taken was, singing his song alway;
And with honour of greet processioun
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.
His moder swowning by the bere lay;
Unnethe might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

. . . . . .

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent
Biforn the chief auter, whyl masse laste,
And after that, the abbot with his covent
Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste;
And whan they holy water on him caste,
Yet spak this child, whan spreynd was holy water,
And song—'*O Alma redemptoris mater!*'

upright] on his back. herieth] worshippeth.
Unnethe] hardly. spreynd] sprinkled.

This abbot, which that was an holy man
As monkes been, or elles oghten be,
This yonge child to coniure he bigan,
And seyde, 'o dere child, I halse thee,
In vertu of the holy Trinitee,
Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,
Sith that thy throte is cut, to my seminge?'

'My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,'
Seyde this child, 'and, as by way of kinde,
I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tyme agoon,
But Iesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde,
Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde,
And, for the worship of his moder dere,
Yet may I singe "*O Alma*" loude and clere.

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
I lovede alwey, as after my conninge;
And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,
To me she cam, and bad me for to singe
This antem verraily in my deyinge,
As ye han herd, and, whan that I had songe,
Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my tonge.

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn
In honour of that blisful mayden free,
Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn;
And afterward thus seyde she to me,
"My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge y-take;
Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake."'

halse] conjure. forlete] give up.

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
His tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey the greyn,
And he yaf up the goost ful softely.
And whan this abbot had this wonder seyn,
His salte teres trikled doun as reyn,
And gruf he fil al plat up-on the grounde,
And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavement
Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,
And after that they ryse, and forth ben went,
And toke awey this martir fro his bere,
And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
Enclosen they his litel body swete;
Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
With cursed Iewes, as it is notable,
For it nis but a litel whyle ago;
Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,
That, of his mercy, god so merciable
On us his grete mercy multiplye,
For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

gruf] on his face. plat] flat. herien] worship.
ben] are. leve] grant.

Mamillius

Hermione. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mamillius. No, I'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mamillius. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Second Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mamillius. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Second Lady. Who taught you this?
Mamillius. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mamillius. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

. . . . . .

Hermione. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mamillius. Merry or sad shall't be?
Hermione. As merry as you will.
Mamillius. A sad tale 's best for winter.

I have one of sprites and goblins.
Hermione. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
Mamillius. There was a man,—
Hermione. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mamillius. Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it. . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Son of Coriolanus

i.

Valeria. . . . How does your little son?
Virgilia. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
Volumnia. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.
Valeria. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it.
Volumnia. One on 's father's moods.
Valeria. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.
Virginia. A crack, madam.

ii.

Volumnia. . . . We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virginia. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. A' shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Richard Evelyn

AFTER six fits of a quartan ague with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare Son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises: at 2 years and a halfe old he could perfectly reade any of y^e^ English, Latine, French, or Gottic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of y^e^ irregular; learn'd out 'Puerilis', got by heart almost y^e^ entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and *vice versâ*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's Janua; began himselfe to write legibly, and had a stronge passion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remember'd of the parts of playes, which he would also act; and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he ask'd what booke it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics,

having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learn'd all his catechisme early, and understood ye historical part of ye Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeeme mankind, and how, comprehending these necessarys himselfe, his godfathers were discharg'd of their promise. These and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone, but by ye Word of God. He would of himselfe select ye most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to reade to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaim'd against ye vanities of the world before he had seene any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soone be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continualy chereful! He would give grave advice to his Brother John, beare with his impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he had heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or

childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had been at church (w^ch^ was at Greenewich), I ask'd him, according to costome, what he remembered of y^e^ sermon; two good things, Father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*, with a just account of what y^e^ preacher said. The day before he died he call'd to me, and in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his Brother Jack, he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands un-joyn'd; and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations utter'd of himselfe: 'Sweete Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me!' So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of y^e^ future fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever he goes; Even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be y^e^ name of y^e^ Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever, Amen!

JOHN EVELYN.

The Blind Child

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze? he's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes;
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscribed but not abated powers,—
Play! the great object of his infant hours;—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;
Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy,

THE BLIND CHILD

Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Michael's Son

AND when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Child Elia

IF I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious * * *; addicted to * * *: averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;—* * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that 'other me', there, in the back-ground—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

CHARLES LAMB.

Going into Breeches

JOY to Philip, he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbad:
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names,
Puss in Corners, Hide and Seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!

GOING INTO BREECHES

Baste the Bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, Foot-ball, sport away at,
Show his skill and strength at Cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow,
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart,
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eye-balls stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come,
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature!
This and more must now be done
Now the breeches are put on.

CHARLES and MARY LAMB.

Willy Wordsworth

YESTERDAY he gave us his small company to a bullock's heart, and I can pronounce him a lad of promise. He is no pedant, nor bookworm; so far I can answer. Perhaps he has hitherto paid too little attention to other men's inventions, preferring, like Lord Foppington, the 'natural sprouts of his own.' But he has observation, and seems thoroughly awake. I am ill at remembering other people's *bon mots*, but the following are a few:— Being taken over Waterloo Bridge, he remarked, that if we had no mountains, we had a fine river at least; which was a touch of the comparative: but then he added, in a strain which augured less for his future abilities as a political economist, that he supposed they must take at least a pound a week toll. Like a curious naturalist, he inquired if the tide did not come up a little salty. This being satisfactorily answered, he put another question, as to the flux and reflux; which being rather cunningly evaded than artfully solved by that she-Aristotle, Mary,—who muttered something about its getting up an hour sooner and sooner every day,—he sagely replied, 'Then it must come to the same thing at last;' which was a speech worthy of an infant Halley! The lion in the 'Change by no means came up to his ideal standard; so impossible is it for Nature, in any of her works, to come up to the standard of a child's imagination! The whelps (lionets) he was sorry to find were dead; and, on particular inquiry, his old friend the ourang outang had gone the way of all flesh also. The

grand tiger was also sick, and expected in no short time to exchange this transitory world for another, or none. But again, there was a golden eagle (I do not mean that of Charing) which did much arride and console him. William's genius, I take it, leans a little to the figurative; for, being at play at tricktrack (a kind of minor billiard-table which we keep for smaller wights, and sometimes refresh our own mature fatigues with taking a hand at), not being able to hit a ball he had iterate aimed at, he cried out, 'I cannot hit that beast.' Now the balls are usually called men, but he felicitously hit upon a middle term; a term of approximation and imaginative reconciliation; a something where the two ends of the brute matter (ivory), and their human and rather violent personification into men, might meet, as I take it: illustrative of that excellent remark, in a certain preface about imagination, explaining 'Like a sea-beast that had crawled forth to sun himself!' Not that I accuse William Minor of hereditary plagiary, or conceive the image to have come *ex traduce*. Rather he seemeth to keep aloof from any source of imitation, and purposely to remain ignorant of what mighty poets have done in this kind before him; for, being asked if his father had ever been on Westminster Bridge, he answered that he did not know!

It is hard to discern the oak in the acorn, or a temple like St. Paul's in the first stone which is laid; nor can I quite prefigure what destination the genius of William Minor hath to take. Some few hints I have set down, to guide my future observations. He hath the power of calculation, in no ordinary degree for a chit. He combineth figures, after the first boggle, rapidly; as in the tricktrack board, where the hits are figured, at first he did not perceive that 15 and 7 made 22, but by a little use he could combine 8

with 25, and 33 again with 16, which approacheth something in kind (far let me be from flattering him by saying in degree) to that of the famous American boy. I am sometimes inclined to think I perceive the future satirist in him, for he hath a sub-sardonic smile which bursteth out upon occasion; as when he was asked if London were as big as Ambleside; and indeed no other answer was given, or proper to be given, to so ensnaring and provoking a question. In the contour of skull, certainly I discern something paternal. But whether in all respects the future man shall transcend his father's fame, Time, the trier of Geniuses, must decide. Be it pronounced peremptorily at present, that Willy is a well-mannered child, and though no great student, hath yet a lively eye for things that lie before him.

CHARLES LAMB.

Before a Saint's Picture

MY serious son! I see thee look
First on the picture, then the book.
I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.
Give it not up, my serious son!
Wish it again, and it is done.
Seldom will any fail who tries
With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
And wooes the true with such pure sighs.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Young Walter Scott

I LAST night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There 's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it 's one who wishes and will know everything.'—Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.

Letter from MRS. COCKBURN.

(Quoted in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.)

The Wonderfu' Wean

OUR wean 's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.
For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:—
How the moon can stick up in the sky that 's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He 's a perfect divert—he 's a wonderfu' wean.

Or who was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And who made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?—
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his who? and his when?
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He 's as auld as the hills—he 's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there 's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug-shugging afore him;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain;—
He 's just a town's talk—he 's a by-ord'nar' wean!

peerie] peg-top. kyte] belly.

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he
march'd ben,
Like ower mony mae o' our great-little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he 's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his ee,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he 's the wonderfu' wean.

WILLIAM MILLER.

A Lazy Idle Boy

THERE was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening, and mark the mountains round glooming with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times in the course of our sober walks, we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, with a rusty coat, and trowsers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from

dorty] disobliging.

out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I daresay so charmed and ravished him, that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for to-morrow; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding;—absorbed utterly and entirely in his book.

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain? What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Montecristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be assured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pronounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favourite author); and

as for the anger, or it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one fig. No! Figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The Very Queer Small Boy

SO smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

'Halloa!' said I, to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

'At Chatham,' says he.

'What do you do there?' says I.

'I go to school,' says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.'

'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

'You admire that house?' said I.

'Bless you, sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now, I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well! I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Midnight on the Great Western

IN the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if indifferent quite
To all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,'
But are not of?

THOMAS HARDY.

The Boy of Twelve

HE will not endure (albeit he does not confess so much) to be told to do anything, at least in that citadel of his freedom, his home. His elders probably give him as few orders as possible. He will almost ingeniously evade any that are inevitably or thoughtlessly inflicted upon him, but if he does but succeed in only postponing his obedience, he has, visibly, done something for his own relief. It is less convenient that he should hold mere questions, addressed to him in all good faith, as in some sort an attempt upon his liberty.

Questions about himself one might understand to be an outrage. But it is against impersonal and indifferent questions also that the boy sets his face like a rock. He has no ambition to give information on any point. Older people may not dislike the opportunity, and there are even

those who bring to pass questions of a trivial kind for the pleasure of answering them with animation. This, the boy perhaps thinks, is 'fuss', and, if he has any passions, he has a passionate dislike of fuss.

When a younger child tears the boy's scrap-book (which is conjectured, though not known, to be the dearest thing he has) he betrays no emotion; that was to be expected. But when the stolen pages are rescued and put by for him, he abstains from taking an interest in the retrieval; he will do nothing to restore them. To do so would mar the integrity of his reserve. If he would do much rather than answer questions, he would suffer something rather than ask them.

He loves his father and a friend of his father's, and he pushes them, in order to show it without compromising his temperament.

He is a partisan in silence. It may be guessed that he is often occupied in comparing other people with his admired men. Of this too he says little, except some brief word of what other men do *not* do.

When he speaks it is with a carefully shortened vocabulary. As an author shuns monotony, so does the boy shun change. He does not generally talk slang; his habitual words are the most usual of daily words made useful and appropriate by certain varieties of voice. These express for him all that he will consent to communicate. He reserves more by speaking dull words with zeal than by using zealous words that might betray him. But his brevity is the chief thing; he has almost made an art of it.

He is not 'merry'. Merry boys have pretty manners, and this boy would not have you to call his manners pretty. But if not merry, he is happy; there was never a more

untroubled soul. If he has an almost grotesque reticence, he has no secrets. Nothing that he thinks is very much hidden. Even if he did not push his father, it would be evident that the boy loves him; even if he never laid his hand (and this little thing he does rarely) on his friend's shoulder, it would be plain that he loves his friend. His happiness appears in his moody and charming face, his ambition in his dumbness, and the hopes of his future in ungainly bearing. How does so much heart, how does so much sweetness, all unexpressed, appear? For it is not only those who know him well that know the child's heart; strangers are aware of it. This, which he would not reveal, is the only thing that is quite unmistakable and quite conspicuous. What he thinks that he turns visibly to the world is a sense of humour, with a measure of criticism and of indifference. What he thinks the world may divine in him is courage and an intelligence. But carry himself how he will, he is manifestly a tender, gentle, and even spiritual creature, masculine and innocent—'a nice boy'. There is no other way of describing him than that of his own brief language.

ALICE MEYNELL.

(ii.)

I am glad it is a girl; all little boys ought to be put to death.
SYDNEY SMITH.

Juliet's Tumble

Nurse. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it,
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua.
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.
'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high lone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay'.
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay'.

Lady Capulet. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay'.
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay'.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers

SEE with what simplicity
This Nimph begins her golden daies!
In the green Grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair Aspect tames
The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names;
But only with the Roses playes;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.

Who can foretel for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born!
Yet this is She whose chaster Laws

The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.
Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of Man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parly with those conquering Eyes;
Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In Triumph over Hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may see the Glories from some Shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
It self does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errours of the Spring;
Make that the Tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And Roses of their thorns disarm:
But most procure
That Violets may a longer Age endure.

But O young beauty of the Woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
Lest *Flora* angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make th' Example Yours;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

In memory of the vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa *that sought an early Martyrdome*

LOVE thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death.—To prove the word,
Wee 'l now appeale to none of all
Those thy old Souldiers, Great and tall,
Ripe men of Martyrdome, that could reach downe,
With strong armes their Triumphant crowne :
Such as could with lustie breath,
Speake loud into the face of death,
Their great Lord's glorious name ; To none
Of those whose spatious bosomes spread a throne
For love at large to fill : spare Blood and sweat,
And see him take a privat seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soule of a soft child.
Scarce hath she learnt to lisp the name,
Of Martyr ; yet she thinkes it shame
Life should so long play with that breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertooke to know,
What death with love should have to doe ;
Nor hath she e're yet understood
Why to shew love, she should shed blood,
Yet though she can not tell you why,
She can *love*, and she can *dye*.
Scarce hath she blood enough, to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;

Yet hath she a heart dare hope to prove
How much lesse strong is Death then Love.
Be Love but there, let poore six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest feares
Man trembles at, you streight shall find
Love knowes no nonage, nor the Mind.
'Tis *Love*, not years, nor Limbs, that can
Make the *Martyr* or the *Man*.
Love toucht her *Heart*, and lo it beates
High, and burnes with such brave Heates,
Such *Thirsts* to dye, as dares drink up
A thousand cold *Deaths* in one cup.
Good reason; for she breaths all *fire*,
Her weake breast heaves with strong desire,
Of what she may with fruitlesse wishes
Seeke for amongst her Mothers Kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
Shee 'l travell for *A Martyrdome*.
No *Home* for hers confesses she,
But where she may a *Martyr* be.
Shee 'l to the *Moores* and try with them,
For this unvalued *Diadem*,
Shee 'l offer them her dearest Breath,
With *Christ's* name in 't, in change for death.
Shee 'l bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In him; Or if they this deny,
For him, she 'l teach them how to dye.

So shall she leave amongst them sown,
Her *Lord's* blood, or at least her *own*.

IN MEMORY OF MADRE DE TERESA

Farewell then all the world! Adiew,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
(Never till now esteemed *Toyes*)
Farewell what ever deare may bee,
Mother's armes or Father's Knee.
Farewell house and farewell home
She 's for the *Moores* and *Martyrdome*.

Sweet not so fast! Lo thy fair *Spouse*,
Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes
Calls thee back, and bidds thee come,
T'embrace a milder Martyrdome. . . .

RICHARD CRASHAW.

To a Child of Quality, Five Years old, The Author Forty. 1704.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the num'rous band
That wear the fair miss MARY'S fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Shou'd dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

Nor quality, nor reputation,
  Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
  And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds
  With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
  In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame,
  For tho' the strictest prudes shou'd know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
  And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too alas! when she shall tear
  The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
  And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our diff'rent ages move,
  'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd fate but mend it,
That I shall be past making love
  When she begins to comprehend it.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered round
And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
Forth-startled from the fern where she lay couched;
Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers,
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images imprest
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*To Anna Three Years Old**

MY Anna, summer laughs in mirth,
And we will of the party be,
And leave the crickets in the hearth
For green fields' merry minstrelsy.

I see thee now with little hand
Catch at each object passing bye,
The happiest thing in all the land
Except the bee and butterfly.

And weed-based arches' walls that stride
O'er where the meadow water falls
Will turn thee from thy path aside—
To gaze upon the mossy walls.

And limpid brook that leaps along,
Gilt with the summer's burnished gleam,
Will stop thy little tale or song
To gaze upon its crimping stream.

Thou'lt leave my hand with eager speed
The new discovered things to see—
The old pond with its water weed
And danger-daring willow tree,
Who leans an ancient invalid
Oer spots where deepest waters be.

In sudden shout and wild surprise
I hear thy simple wonderment,
As new things meet thy childish eyes
And wake some innocent intent;

* The third, eighth, and ninth stanzas are here printed for the first time, by the courtesy of Mr. Edmund Blunden.

TO ANNA THREE YEARS OLD

As bird or bee or butterfly
Bounds through the crowd of merry leaves
And starts the rapture of thine eye
To run for what it neer achieves.

So dreamed I over hope's young boon
When merry summer was returning,
And little thought that time so soon
Would change my early hope to mourning;

And thought to have heard thee 'mid the bowers
To mock the cuckoo's merry song
And see thee seek thy daisy flowers,
That 's been thy anxious choice so long.

But thou art on the bed of pain,
So tells each poor forsaken toy.
Ah, could I see that happy hour
When these shall be thy heart's employ,
And see thee toddle oer the plain,
And stoop for flowers, and shout for joy.

JOHN CLARE.

The Little Lass

THE first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpillar, crawling and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an elder sister, or mother with her hands full. There it lies—a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishments of walking and talking; stretching its chubby limbs; scrambling and sprawling; laughing and roaring; there it sits, in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink-checked frock, a blue-spotted pinafore,

and a little white cap, tolerably clean, and quite whole. One is forced to ask if it be boy or girl; for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open-eyed, and weather-stained, and nothing fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

In the next stage, dirt-incrusted enough to pass for the chrysalis, if it were not so very unquiet, the gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine, stout, curly-pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about, amongst grass or mud, all day long; shouting, jumping, screeching—the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rags and rebellion, that ever trod the earth.

Then comes a sun-burnt gipsy of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her; with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair; a tattered stuff petticoat, once green, hanging below an equally tattered cotton frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of baseball at the corner of the green, till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and pitcher, and darts off to her companions, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which the mother follows her run-away steps.

So the world wags till ten; then the little damsel gets admission to the charity school, and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old-fashioned blue gown, and white cap, and tippet, and bib and apron of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a Nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on button-holes and spelling-books—those ensigns of promotion; despising dirt and baseballs, and all their joys.

Then at twelve the little lass comes home again, uncapped,

untippeted, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee—working in the fields, digging in the garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs;—all these employments varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting, and idle play, according as the nascent coquetry, or the lurking love of sport, happens to preponderate; merry, and pretty, and good with all her little faults.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Eppie

HE had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in 'setting up' a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing

the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him; Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit.

. . . . . .

The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and 'make her remember'. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—

'naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.'

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry: 'Opy, opy,' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place.'

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, 'Eppie in de toal-hole!'

GEORGE ELIOT.

'Missy'

'PUT me down, please,' said a small voice when Warren opened the drawing-room door, 'and take off this shawl,' continued the speaker, extracting with its minute hand the pin, and with a sort of fastidious haste doffing the clumsy wrapping. The creature which now appeared made a deft attempt to fold the shawl; but the drapery was much too heavy and large to be sustained or wielded by those hands and arms. 'Give it to Harriet, please,' was then the direction, 'and she can put it away.' This said, it turned and fixed its eyes on Mrs. Bretton.

'Come here, little dear,' said that lady. 'Come and let me see if you are cold and damp: come and let me warm you at the fire.'

The child advanced promptly. Relieved of her wrapping, she appeared exceedingly tiny; but was a neat, completely-fashioned little figure, light, slight, and straight. Seated on my god-mother's ample lap, she looked a mere doll; her neck, delicate as wax, her head of silky curls, increased, I thought, the resemblance.

Mrs. Bretton talked in little fond phrases as she chafed the child's hands, arms, and feet; first she was considered with a wistful gaze, but soon a smile answered her. Mrs. Bretton was not generally a caressing woman: even with her deeply-cherished son, her manner was rarely sentimental, often the reverse; but when the small stranger smiled at her, she kissed it, asking—

'What is my little one's name?'

'Missy.'

'But besides Missy?'

'Polly, papa calls her.'

'Will Polly be content to live with me?'

'Not *always*; but till papa comes home. Papa is gone away.' She shook her head expressively.

'He will return to Polly, or send for her.'

'Will he, ma'am? Do you know he will?'

'I think so.'

'But Harriet thinks not: at least not for a long while. He is ill.'

Her eyes filled. She drew her hand from Mrs. Bretton's, and made a movement to leave her lap; it was at first resisted, but she said—

'Please, I wish to go: I can sit on a stool.'

She was allowed to slip down from the knee, and taking a foot-stool, she carried it to a corner where the shade was deep, and there seated herself. Mrs. Bretton, though a commanding, and in grave matters even a peremptory woman, was often passive in trifles: she allowed the child her way. She said to me, 'Take no notice at present.' But I did take notice: I watched Polly rest her small elbow on her small knee, her head on her hand; I observed her draw a square-inch or two of pocket-handkerchief from the doll-pocket of her doll-skirt, and then I heard her weep. Other children in grief or pain cry aloud, without shame or restraint; but this being wept: the tiniest occasional sniff testified to her emotion. Ere long, a voice, issuing from the corner, demanded—

'May the bell be rung for Harriet?'

I rang; the nurse was summoned and came.

'Harriet, I must be put to bed,' said her little mistress. 'You must ask where my bed is.'

Harriet signified that she had already made that inquiry.

'Ask if you sleep with me, Harriet.'

'No, missy,' said the nurse: 'You are to share this young lady's room,' designating me.

Missy did not leave her seat, but I saw her eyes seek me. After some minutes' silent scrutiny, she emerged from her corner.

'I wish you, ma'am, good night,' said she to Mrs. Bretton; but she passed me mute.

'Good night, Polly,' I said.

'No need to say good night, since we sleep in the same chamber,' was the reply with which she vanished from the drawing-room. We heard Harriet propose to carry her upstairs. 'No need,' was again her answer—'No need, no need:' and her small step toiled wearily up the staircase.

On going to bed an hour afterwards, I found her still wide awake. She had arranged her pillows so as to support her little person in a sitting posture; her hands, placed one within the other, rested quietly on the sheet, with an old-fashioned calm most unchildlike. I abstained from speaking to her for some time, but just before extinguishing the light, I recommended her to lie down.

'By and by,' was the answer.

'But you will take cold, missy.'

She took some tiny article of raiment from the chair at her crib side, and with it covered her shoulders. I suffered her to do as she pleased. Listening awhile in the darkness, I was aware that she still wept,—wept under restraint, quietly and cautiously.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The Crape Tucks

I REMEMBER the dress quite clearly. It is fixed in my mind by an incident connected with it. It had six crape tucks, of which fact I was very proud, having heard a good deal said about it. The first time Mr. George came to our bungalow, after I had begun to wear it, I strutted up to him holding my skirt out, and my head up.

'Look at my black frock, Mr. George,' said I; 'it has got six crape tucks.'

Matilda was most precocious in—at least—one way; she could repeat grown-up observations of wonderful length.

'It's the best crape,' she said; 'it won't spot. Cut on the bias. They're not real tucks though, Margery. They're laid on; Mrs. Minchin said so.'

'They are real tucks,' I stoutly asserted.

'No, they're not. They're cut on the bias, and laid on to imitate tucks,' Matilda repeated. I think she was not sorry there should be some weak point in the fashionable mourning in which she did not share.

I turned to Mr. George, as usual.

'Aren't they real tucks, Mr. George?'

But Mr. George had a strange look on his face which puzzled and disconcerted me. He only said, 'Good heavens!' And all my after efforts were vain to find out what he meant, and why he looked in that strange manner.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Daisy

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there 's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close:
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
  Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
  That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in others' pain,
  And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Farewell to the Market

'Susannah and Mary-Jane'

TWO little Darlings alone,
  Clinging hand in hand;
Two little Girls come out
  To see the wonderful land!

Here round the flaring stalls
  They stand wide-eyed in the throng,
While the great, the eloquent Huckster
  Perorates loud and long.

They watch those thrice-blessed mortals,
  The dirty guzzling Boys,
Who partake of dates, periwinkles,
  Ices and other joys.

And their little mouths go wide open
  At some of the brilliant sights
That little Darlings may see in the road
  Of Edgware on Saturday nights.

The eldest's name is Susannah ;
  She was four years old last May.
And Mary-Jane, the youngest,
  Is just three years old to-day.

And I know all about their cat, and
  Their father and mother too,
And 'Pigshead', their only brother,
  Who got his head jammed in the flue.

And *they* know several particulars
  Of a similar sort of me,
For we went up and down together
  For over an hour, we three.

And Susannah walked beside me,
  As became the wiser and older,
Fast to one finger, but Mary-Jane
  Sat solemnly up on my shoulder.

And we bought some sweets, and a monkey
  That climbed up a stick 'quite nice'.
And then last we adjourned for refreshments,
  And the ladies had each an ice.

And Susannah's ice was a pink one,
  And she sucked it up so quick,
But Mary-Jane silently proffered
  Her ice to me for a lick.

And then we went home to Mother,
  And we found her upon the floor,
And Father was trying to balance
  His shoulders against the door.

And Susannah said 'O' and 'Please, sir,
We'll go in ourselves, sir!' And
We kissed one another and parted,
And they stole in hand in hand.

And its O for my two little Darlings
I never shall see again,
Though I stand for the whole night watching
And crying here in the rain!

FRANCIS ADAMS.

In Utrumque Parata

'LIFT I up and let I see it raining,' she bids; and told that it does not rain, resumes, 'Lift I up and let I see it not raining.'

ALICE MEYNELL.

Mima

JEMIMA is my name,
But oh, I have another;
My father always calls me Meg,
And so do Bob and mother;
Only my sister, jealous of
The strands of my bright hair,
'Jemima—Mima—Mima!'
Calls, mocking, up the stair.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

'And was it a nice party?'

WITH her wide eyes scarcely higher than the level of the table, she sat and longed for things. She felt she wanted to taste all the deliciousness that she could see, but before she had left her own house she had promised to take what was offered her and say 'Thank you;' and some of the things she most wanted never came her way at all. She got bread and butter to begin with, and then brown bread and butter, which was worse, and then a queen cake. None of the pink and white biscuits, or even the sponge fingers, came near her, and once when the chocolate cakes were next door but one, a slim hand, with bright nails and many sparkling rings, pounced talon-like upon the plate and bore it away right out of her view. There was 'skin' in her milk too, and there was no spoon with which to fish it out. She sat still at last, with the dry, uneaten half of the queen cake on the plate before her, and it was with difficulty that she kept the tears from overflowing her eyes.

And now they were cutting the Christmas cake, such splendid slices, coated with white sugar from bottom to top. Then a grown-up voice said: 'Oh, those slices are *much* too big. They'll never get through those!' And they took the knife again and cut all the slices in halves horizontally, so that some were nearly all sugar and some had hardly any sugar at all. Then they handed them round. She watched them coming towards her down the table. Some of the children took the top pieces with all the sugar; a few took the lower pieces that had hardly any. She hoped and hoped that one of the top pieces would come to her; but the girl next to her took the sugary bit, and she felt she must take the bit without the sugar, and the plate passed on. . . .

SYLVIA LYND.

'THE JOYES AND GRIEFES OF PARENTS'

Cocker thy child, and he shall make thee afraid.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

I have given you, forsooth, kisses in plenty and but few stripes. If ever I have flogged you 'twas but with a peacock's tail.

THOMAS MORE.
(To his sweetest children.)

The Ioyes of *Parents* are Secret; And so are their Griefes, and Feares: They cannot vtter the one; Nor they will not vtter the other. *Children* sweeten Labours; But they make Misfortunes more bitter: They increase the Cares of Life; but they mitigate the Remembrance of Death.

FRANCIS BACON.

It is one thing to be blessed with Children, and another thing to be blessed in them.

FRANCIS FULLER.

When bairns are young they gar their parents' heads ache; when they are auld they make their hearts ache.

SCOTTISH PROVERB.

Children are horribly insecure: the life of a parent is the life of a gambler.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Amantium irae amoris redintegratio est

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would haue slept,
I heard a wife sing to her childe, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sung full sweet to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch, & grieued with her childe,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde.
Then did she say now haue I found, this prouerb true to proue:
The falling out of faithfull freendes, renewing is of loue.

Then tooke I paper, pen and inke, this prouerb for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song, unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of waight in place whereas she sat.
And proued plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife.
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull freendes, renewing is of loue.

RICHARD EDWARDES.

The Dying Husband's Farewell

I LEAVE them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some times reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortall stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
In them, and for them stay thy too much grieving:
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two *Antonie.*

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah carelesse) playing,
And stammering ask a kisse, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me survaying,
In them give me a third, and with a teare
Show thy deare love to him, who lov'd thee ever deare.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

The Good Parent

HE doth not welcome and imbrace the first essayes of sinne in his children. Weeds are counted herbs in the beginning of the spring: nettles are put in pottage, and sallads are made of eldern-buds. Thus fond fathers like the oaths and wanton talk of their little children, and please themselves to heare them displease God. But our wise Parent both instructs his children in Piety, and with correction blasts the first buds of profanenesse in them. He that will not use the rod on his child, his child shall be used as a rod on him.

THOMAS FULLER.

Fondness Rebuked

THE great Mistake I have observed in People's breeding their Children has been, that this has not been taken care enough of in its *due Season*. That the Mind has not been made obedient to Rules, and pliant to Reason, when at first it was most tender, most easy to be bowed. Parents, being wisely ordain'd by Nature to love their Children, are very apt, if Reason watch not that natural Affection very warily; are apt, I say, to let it run into fondness. They love their little ones, and 'tis their Duty: But they often, with them, cherish their Faults too. They must not be crossed, forsooth; they must be permitted to have their Wills in all things, and they being in their Infancies not capable of great Vices, their Parents think, they may safely enough indulge their little irregularities, and make themselves Sport with that pretty perverseness, which, they think, well enough becomes that innocent Age. But to a fond Parent, that would not have his Child corrected for a perverse Trick, but excused it, saying, It was a small matter; *Solon* very well replied, Ay, but Custom is a great one.

The Fondling must be taught to strike, and call Names; must have what he Cries for, and do what he pleases. Thus Parents, by humoring and cockering them when *little*, corrupt the Principles of Nature in their Children, and wonder afterwards to taste the bitter Waters, when they themselves have poisoned the Fountain. For when their Children are grown up, and these ill Habits with them; when they are now too big to be dandled, and

their Parents can no longer make use of them, as Playthings, then they complain, that the Brats are untoward and perverse; then they are offended to see them wilful, and are troubled with those ill Humours, which they themselves inspired and cherished in them. And then perhaps, too late, would be glad to get out those Weeds, which their own hands have planted, and which now have taken too deep root to be easily extirpated. For he that has been used to have his Will in every thing, as long as he was in Coats, why should we think it strange, that he should desire it, and contend for it still, when he is in Breeches? Indeed, as he grows more towards a Man, Age shews his Faults the more, so that there be few Parents then so blind, as not to see them; few so insensible, as not to feel the ill Effects of their own Indulgence. He had the Will of his Maid before he could Speak or Go; he had the Mastery of his Parents ever since he could Prattle; and why now he is grown up, is Stronger and Wiser than he was then, why now of a suddain must he be restrained and Curbed? Why must he at seven, fourteen, or twenty Years old, lose the Privilege which the Parent's indulgence, till then, so largely allowed him? Try it in a Dog or an Horse, or any other Creature, and see whether the ill and resty Tricks, they have learn'd when young, are easily to be mended when they are knit; and yet none of those Creatures are half so wilful and proud, or half so desirous to be Masters of themselves and others, as Man.

JOHN LOCKE.

Indulgence Commended

YOU may love your *Children* without living in the *Nursery*, and you may have a *competent* and *discreet care* of them, without letting it break out upon the Company, or exposing your self by turning your Discourse that way, which is a kind of *Laying Children* to the *Parish*, and it can hardly be done any where, that those who hear it will be so forgiving, as not to think they are overcharg'd with them. A Woman's *tenderness* of her *Children*, is one of the least deceitful Evidences of her Vertue; but yet the way of expressing it, must be subject to the Rules of *good Breeding*: And though a *Woman* of *Quality* ought not to be less kind to them, than *Mothers* of the *meanest Rank* are to theirs, yet she may distinguish her self in the *manner*, and avoid the coarse Methods, which in Women of a lower size might be more excusable. You must begin early to make them *love* you, that they may *obey* you: This Mixture is no where more necessary than in Children; and I must tell you, that you are not to expect Returns of Kindness from yours, if ever you have any, without Grains of Allowance; and yet it is not so much a *defect* in their *good Nature*, as a *shortness of Thought* in them: Their first *Insufficiency* maketh them lean so entirely upon their *Parents* for what is *necessary*, that the *habit* of it maketh them continue the same *Expectations* for what is *unreasonable*; and as oft as they are *denied*, so often they think they are *injur'd*; and whilst

their *Desires* are strong, and their *Reasons* yet in the Cradle, their *Anger* looketh no further than the thing they long for and cannot have; and to be *displeased* for their *own good*, is a *Maxim* they are very slow to understand; so that you may conclude, the first Thoughts of your *Children* will have no small Mixture of Mutiny; which being so natural, you must not be angry, except you would increase it; you must deny them as seldom as you can, and when there is no avoiding it, you must do it *gently*, you must flatter away their ill Humours, and take the next Opportunity of pleasing them in some other things, before they either ask or look for it: This will strengthen your *Authority*, by making it soft to them; and confirm their *Obedience* by making it their Interest.

You are to have as strict a Guard upon your self amongst your *Children*, as if you were amongst your *Enemies*; they are apt to make wrong Inferences, to take Encouragement from half Words, and misapplying what you may say or do, so as either to lessen their *Duty*, or to extend their *Liberty* farther than is convenient: Let them be more in awe of your *Kindness* than of your *Power*, and above all, take heed of supporting a *Favourite-Child* in its Impertinence, which will give Right to the rest of claiming the same Privilege. If you have a divided Number, leave the *Boys* to the *Fathers* more peculiar Care, that you may with the greater Justice pretend to a more immediate Jurisdiction over those of your own *Sex*: You are to live so with them, that they may never chuse to avoid you, except when they have *offended*; and then let them tremble, that they may distinguish: But their Penance must not continue so long as to grow *sowre* upon their *Stomachs*, that it may not *harden* in stead of *correcting* them: The

kind and severe Parts must have their several *turns* seasonably applied; but your *Indulgence* must have the broader mixture, that *Love*, rather than *Fear*, may be the Root of their *Obedience*.

GEORGE SAVILE, Earl of Halifax.

Dr. Johnson and Children

I

I SAID, I disliked the custom which some people had of bringing their children into company, because it in a manner forced us to pay foolish compliments to please their parents. JOHNSON. 'You are right, Sir. We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children. It may be observed, that men, who from being engaged in business, or from their course of life in whatever way, seldom see their children, do not care much about them. I myself should not have had much fondness for a child of my own.' MRS. THRALE. 'Nay, Sir, how can you talk so?' JOHNSON. 'At least, I never wished to have a child.'

II

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'pretty dears', and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.

JAMES BOSWELL.

The Little Middletons

WITH her children they were in continual raptures, extolling their beauty, courting their notice, and humouring all their whims; and such of their time as could be spared from the importunate demands which this politeness made on it was spent in admiration of whatever her Ladyship was doing, if she happened to be doing any thing, or in taking patterns of some elegant new dress, in which her appearance the day before had thrown them into unceasing delight. Fortunately for those who pay their court through such foibles, a fond mother, though, in pursuit of praise for her children, the most rapacious of human beings, is likewise the most credulous: her demands are exorbitant; but she will swallow any thing; and the excessive affection and endurance of the Miss Steeles towards her offspring were viewed, therefore, by Lady Middleton without the smallest surprise or distrust. She saw with maternal complacency all the impertinent encroachments and mischievous tricks to which her cousins submitted. She saw their sashes untied, their hair pulled about their ears, their work-bags searched, and their knives and scissors stolen away, and felt no doubt of its being a reciprocal enjoyment. It suggested no other surprise than that Elinor and Marianne should sit so composedly by, without claiming a share in what was passing.

'John is in such spirits to-day!' said she, on his taking Miss Steele's pocket handkerchief, and throwing it out of window—'he is full of monkey tricks.'

And soon afterwards, on the second boy's violently

pinching one of the same lady's fingers, she fondly observed, 'How playful William is!'

'And here is my sweet little Anna-maria,' she added, tenderly caressing a little girl of three years old, who had not made a noise for the last two minutes; 'and she is always so gentle and quiet. Never was there such a quiet little thing!'

But unfortunately in bestowing these embraces, a pin in her Ladyship's head-dress slightly scratching the child's neck, produced from this pattern of gentleness such violent screams, as could hardly be outdone by any creature professedly noisy. The mother's consternation was excessive; but it could not surpass the alarm of the Miss Steeles, and every thing was done by all three, in so critical an emergency, which affection could suggest, as likely to assuage the agonies of the little sufferer. She was seated in her mother's lap, covered with kisses, her wound bathed with lavender-water, by one of the Miss Steeles, who was on her knees to attend her, and her mouth stuffed with sugar plums by the other. With such a reward for her tears, the child was too wise to cease crying. She still screamed and sobbed lustily, kicked her two brothers for offering to touch her; and all their united soothings were ineffectual, till Lady Middleton luckily remembering that in a scene of similar distress last week some apricot marmalade had been successfully applied for a bruised temple, the same remedy was eagerly proposed for this unfortunate scratch, and a slight intermission of screams in the young lady on hearing it gave them reason to hope that it would not be rejected. She was carried out of the room, therefore, in her mother's arms, in quest of this medicine; and as the two boys chose to follow, though earnestly entreated

by their mother to stay behind, the four young ladies were left in a quietness which the room had not known for many hours.

'Poor little creature!' said Miss Steele, as soon as they were gone; 'It might have been a very sad accident.'

'Yet I hardly know how,' cried Marianne, 'unless it had been under totally different circumstances. But this is the usual way of heightening alarm, where there is nothing to be alarmed at in reality.'

'What a sweet woman Lady Middleton is!' said Lucy Steele.

Marianne was silent; it was impossible for her to say what she did not feel, however trivial the occasion; and upon Elinor, therefore, the whole task of telling lies, when politeness required it, always fell. She did her best when thus called on, by speaking of Lady Middleton with more warmth than she felt, though with far less than Miss Lucy.

'And Sir John, too,' cried the elder sister,. 'what a charming man he is!'

Here, too, Miss Dashwood's commendation, being only simple and just, came in without any eclat. She merely observed that he was perfectly good humoured and friendly.

'And what a charming little family they have! I never saw such fine children in my life. I declare I quite doat upon them already, and indeed I am always distractedly fond of children.'

'I should guess so,' said Elinor with a smile, 'from what I have witnessed this morning.'

'I have a notion,' said Lucy, 'you think the little Middletons rather too much indulged; perhaps they may be the outside of enough; but it is so natural in Lady Middleton; and for my part I love to see children full of

life and spirits; I cannot bear them if they are tame and quiet.'

'I confess,' replied Elinor, 'that while I am at Barton Park I never think of tame and quiet children with any abhorrence.'

JANE AUSTEN.

The Father's Wedding Day

WHEN I was very young I had the misfortune to lose my mother. My father very soon married again. In the morning of the day in which that event took place, my father set me on his knee, and, as he often used to do after the death of my mother, he called me his dear little orphaned Elinor, and then he asked me if I loved miss Saville. I replied, 'Yes.' Then he said this dear lady was going to be so kind as to be married to him, and that she was to live with us and be my mamma. My father told me this with such pleasure in his looks, that I thought it must be a very fine thing indeed to have a new mamma; and on his saying it was time for me to be dressed against his return from church, I ran in great spirits to tell the good news in the nursery. I found my maid and the house-maid looking out of the window to see my father get into his carriage, which was new painted; the servants had new liveries, and fine white ribbands in their hats; and then I perceived my father had left off his mourning. The maids were dressed in new coloured gowns and white ribbands. On the table I saw a new muslin frock, trimmed

with fine lace ready for me to put on. I skipped about the room quite in an ecstasy.

When the carriage drove from the door, the housekeeper came in to bring the maids new white gloves. I repeated to her the words I had just heard, that that dear lady miss Saville was going to be married to papa, and that she was to live with us and be my mamma.

The housekeeper shook her head and said, 'Poor thing! how soon children forget every thing!'

I could not imagine what she meant by my forgetting every thing, for I instantly recollected poor mamma used to say I had an excellent memory.

. . . . . .

When I was drest in my new frock I wished poor mamma was alive to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day, and I ran to my favourite station at her bedroom door. There I sat thinking of my mamma, and trying to remember exactly how she used to look; because I foolishly imagined that miss Saville was to be changed into something like my own mother, whose pale and delicate appearance in her last illness was all that I retained of her remembrance.

When my father returned home with his bride he walked up stairs to look for me, and my new mamma followed him. They found me at my mother's door, earnestly looking through the keyhole; I was thinking so intently on my mother, that when my father said, 'Here is your new mamma, my Elinor,' I turned round and began to cry, for no other reason than because she had a very high colour, and I remembered my mamma was very pale; she had bright black eyes, my mother's were mild blue eyes; and that instead of the wrapping gown and close cap in which

I remembered my mamma, she was drest in all her bridal decorations.

I said, 'Miss Saville shall not be my mamma,' and I cried till I was sent away in disgrace.

MARY LAMB.

Parental Recollections

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space;
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one, that to itself
All seasons could controul;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease.

CHARLES LAMB.

Anecdote for Fathers

'*Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges*'.—Eusebius.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

'Now tell me, had you rather be',
I said, and took him by the arm,
'On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?'

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, 'At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm.'

'Now, little Edward, say why so:
My little Edward, tell me why.'—
'I cannot tell, I do not know.'—
'Why, this is strange,' said I;

'For, here are woods, hills smooth and warm:
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea.'

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
And three times to the child I said,
'Why, Edward, tell me why?'

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:
'At Kilve there was no weather-cock;
And that's the reason why.'

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A Bachelor's Complaint

WHEN I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

. . . . . .

'Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:' so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. 'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:' So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall

and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, when you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, 'Love me, love my dog:' that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities.

A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

CHARLES LAMB.

Serenity

I NEVER had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoons, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to *me*; and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower

in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variations in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief. . . .

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening,—when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Fatherhood

LET en zit, wi' his dog an' his cat,
Wi' their noses a-turn'd to the vire,
An' have all that a man should desire;
But there idden much reädship in that.
Whether vo'k mid have childern or no,
Wou'dden meäke mighty odds in the maïn;
They do bring us mwore jaÿ wi' mwore ho,
An' wi' nwone we've less jaÿ wi' less païn.
We be all lik' a zull's idle sheäre out,
An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,
Lik' do-nothèn, rue-nothèn,
Dead alive dumps.

As vor me, why my life idden bound
To my own heart alwone, among men;
I do live in myzelf, an' ageän
In the lives o' my childern all round:
I do live wi' my bwoy in his plaÿ,
An' ageän wi' my maïd in her zongs;
An' my heart is a-stirr'd wi' their jaÿ,
An' would burn at the zight o' their wrongs.
I ha' nine lives, an' zoo if a half
O 'm do cry, why the rest o 'm mid laugh
All so plaÿvully, jaÿvully,
Happy wi' hope.

T 'other night I come hwome a long road,
When the weather did sting an' did vreeze;
An' the snow—vor the day had a-snow'd—
Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees;

reädship] trustworthiness. zull] plough.

An' my tooes an' my vingers wer num',
  An' my veet wer as lumpy as logs,
An' my ears wer so red 's a cock's cwom';
  An' my nose wer as cwold as a dog's;
But as soon 's I got hwome I vorgot
Whe'er my limbs wer a-cwold or wer hot,
  When wi' loud cries an' proud cries
    They coll'd me so cwold.

Vor the vu'st that I happen'd to meet
  Come to pull my gertcwoat vrom my eärm,
  An' another did rub my feäce warm,
An' another hot-slipper'd my veet;
While their mother did cast on a stick,
  Vor to keep the red vier alive;
An' they all come so busy an' thick
  As the bees vlee-èn into their hive,
An' they meäde me so happy an' proud,
That my heart could ha' crow'd out a-loud;
  They did tweil zoo, an' zmile zoo,
    An' coll me so cwold.

As I zot wi' my teacup, at rest,
  There I pull'd out the taÿs I did bring;
  Men a-kickèn, a-wagg'd wi' a string,
An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be drest;
An' oh! vrom the childern there sprung
  Such a charm when they handled their taÿs,
That vor pleasure the bigger woones wrung
  Their two hands at the zight o' their jaÿs;

coll'd] embraced. tweil] toil.

As the bwoys' bigger vaïces vell in
Wi' the maïdens a-titterèn thin,
An' their dancèn an' prancèn,
An' little mouth's laughs.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed em all up,
If I'm only a-blest vrom above,
They'll meäke me amends wi' their love,
Vor their pillow, their pleäte, an' their cup;
Though I shall be never a-spweil'd
Wi' the service that money can buy;
Still the hand ov a wife an' a child
Be the blessèns ov low or ov high;
An' if there be mouths to be ved,
He that zent em can zend me their bread,
An' will smile on the chile
That 's a-new on the knee.

WILLIAM BARNES.

The Toys

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;

For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Pontifexes

IN the course of the evening they came into the drawing-room, and, as an especial treat, were to sing some of their hymns to me, instead of saying them, so that I might hear how nicely they sang. Ernest was to choose the first hymn, and he chose one about some people who were to come to the sunset tree. I am no botanist, and do not know what kind of tree a sunset tree is, but the words began, 'Come, come, come; come to the sunset tree, for the day is past and gone.' The tune was rather pretty

and had taken Ernest's fancy, for he was unusually fond of music and had a sweet little child's voice which he liked using.

He was, however, very late in being able to sound a hard 'c' or 'k', and, instead of saying 'Come', he said 'Tum, tum, tum'.

'Ernest', said Theobald, from the arm-chair in front of the fire, where he was sitting with his hands folded before him, 'don't you think it would be very nice if you were to say "come" like other people, instead of "tŭm"?'

'I do say tum,' replied Ernest, meaning that he had said 'come'.

Theobald was always in a bad temper on Sunday evening. Whether it is that they are as much bored with the day as their neighbours, or whether they are tired, or whatever the cause may be, clergymen are seldom at their best on Sunday evening; I had already seen signs that evening that my host was cross, and was a little nervous at hearing Ernest say so promptly 'I do say tum', when his papa had said he did not say it as he should.

Theobald noticed the fact that he was being contradicted in a moment. He got up from his arm-chair and went to the piano.

'No, Ernest, you don't,' he said, 'you say nothing of the kind, you say "tum", not "come". Now say "come" after me, as I do.'

'Tum,' said Ernest at once; 'is that better?' I have no doubt he thought it was, but it was not.

'Now, Ernest, you are not taking pains: you are not trying as you ought to do. It is high time you learned to say "come", why, Joey can say "come", can't you, Joey?'

'Yeth, I can,' replied Joey, and he said something which was not far off 'come'.

'There, Ernest, do you hear that? There's no difficulty about it, nor shadow of difficulty. Now, take your own time, think about it, and say "come" after me.'

The boy remained silent a few seconds and then said 'tum' again.

I laughed, but Theobald turned to me impatiently and said, 'Please do not laugh, Overton; it will make the boy think it does not matter, and it matters a great deal'; then turning to Ernest he said, 'Now, Ernest, I will give you one more chance, and if you don't say "come", I shall know that you are self-willed and naughty.'

He looked very angry, and a shade came over Ernest's face, like that which comes upon the face of a puppy when it is being scolded without understanding why. The child saw well what was coming now, was frightened, and, of course, said 'tum' once more.

'Very well, Ernest,' said his father, catching him angrily by the shoulder. 'I have done my best to save you, but if you will have it so, you will,' and he lugged the little wretch, crying by anticipation, out of the room. A few minutes more and we could hear screams coming from the dining-room, across the hall which separated the drawing-room from the dining-room, and knew that poor Ernest was being beaten.

'I have sent him up to bed,' said Theobald, as he returned to the drawing-room, 'and now, Christina, I think we will have the servants in to prayers,' and he rang the bell for them, red-handed as he was.

Samuel Butler.

'Pain, the Parent of Love'

Saighton,
Nov. 6, 1895.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—

What can you think of my silence? I postponed my reply until my return here from visiting; but—you will sorrow with us to hear—no sooner was I back than my little Percy was severely injured by a fall from his pony. His thigh is broken and alas! very near the socket. Dear Charles, I cannot tell you what the last 48 hours have been; but now there is a lull in the fearful pain. I was more than an hour with him on the ground, alone, before help came. I can't think of it without strangling. Then I got him on to a plank and into a cart. His courage and beauty made it harder not to break down. As I carried the plank into the house, after all that pain and cold and fear of the unknown, he hailed Cuckoo with a cheery voice as he passed her.

I cut him out of his little clothes and boots, for he would allow no one else to touch him. When the Doctor said it was his thigh I broke down, but I pulled myself together for I was the one person he trusted, and stood by him while he took the ether, and pulled his poor beautiful little leg while they set it; and yesterday I held him fast with two hands for 14 hours while he rode out the storm of pain. His Mother, thank God! was away until late last night, when the very worst was over.

Yesterday was more terrible than any horror I had ever imagined; but, it brought us together in such a fire of agony, that I believe to-day, as I have never yet been able to believe, that neither death nor any eternity after death can

ever part me from my little beautiful child. He believed that my hands helped him, and fixed his fever-bright eyes on mine with love and trust even as the paroxysms came on, calling out 'hold me tighter, Papa, hold me tighter, here it comes.' Well, to-day he is not in such pain, and I have never felt such gratitude to God! Dear Charles! forgive all this. . . .

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

A New Mamma

I SLEPT in a little bed in a corner of the room, and my Father in the ancestral four-poster nearer to the door. Very early one bright September morning at the close of my eleventh year, my Father called me over to him. I climbed up, and was snugly wrapped in the coverlid; and then we held a momentous conversation. It began abruptly by his asking me whether I should like to have a new mamma. I was never a sentimentalist, and I therefore answered, cannily, that that would depend on who she was. He parried this, and announced that, any way, a new mamma was coming; I was sure to like her. Still in a non-committal mood, I asked: 'Will she go with me to the back of the lime-kiln?' This question caused my Father a great bewilderment. I had to explain that the ambition of my life was to go up behind the lime-kiln on the top of the hill that hung over Barton, a spot which was forbidden ground, being locally held one of extreme danger. 'Oh! I daresay she will,' my Father then said, 'but you must guess who she is.' I guessed one or two of the less comely of the female 'saints,' and, this embarrassing my Father,—since the second I mentioned was

a married woman who kept a sweet-shop in the village,—he cut my inquiries short by saying, 'It is Miss Brightwen.'

So far so good, and I was well pleased. But unfortunately I remembered that it was my duty to testify 'in season and out of season'. I therefore asked, with much earnestness, 'But, Papa, is she one of the Lord's children?' He replied, with gravity, that she was. 'Has she taken up her cross in baptism?' I went on, for this was my own strong point as a believer. My Father looked a little shame-faced, and replied: 'Well, she has not as yet seen the necessity of that, but we must pray that the Lord may make her way clear before her. You see, she has been brought up, hitherto, in the so-called Church of England.'

Our positions were now curiously changed. It seemed as if it were I who was the jealous monitor, and my Father the deprecating penitent. I sat up in the coverlid, and I shook a finger at him. 'Papa,' I said, 'don't tell me that she's a pedobaptist?' I had lately acquired that valuable word, and I seized this remarkable opportunity of using it. It affected my Father painfully, but he repeated his assurance that if we united our prayers, and set the Scripture plan plainly before Miss Brightwen, there could be no doubt that she would see her way to accepting the doctrine of adult baptism. And he said we must judge not, lest we ourselves be judged. I had just enough tact to let that pass, but I was quite aware that our whole system was one of judging, and that we had no intention whatever of being judged ourselves. Yet even at the age of eleven one sees that on certain occasions to press home the truth is not convenient.

EDMUND GOSSE.

'PLEAS'D WITH A RATTLE,
TICKLED WITH A STRAW'

They are like unto children sitting in the marketplace, and calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT LUKE.

—As children make castelles of tile shardes, & then make them their passetime in the throwyng downe agayne.

THOMAS MORE.

Suche prety playes of likelyhod as chyldren be woont to playe, as cheristone, mary bone, bokle pit, spurne poynte, cobbe nutte, or quayting.

THOMAS MORE.

—Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Who so hath seene yong Lads (to sport themselues)
Run in a lowe ebbe to the sandy shelues:
Where seriously they worke in digging welles,
Or building childish forts of Cockle-shels:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy. . . .

WILLIAM BROWNE.

As Children gathering pibles on the shore.

JOHN MILTON.

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

The Quaynte Games of a Wanton Chylde

AHA, wanton is my name:
I can many a quaynte game.
Lo my toppe I dryue in same,
Se it torneth rounde:

. . .

I can daunce and also skyppe,
I can playe at the chery pytte,
And I can wystell you a fytte,
Syres, in a whylowe ryne:
Ye, syrs, and every daye,
Whan I to scole shall take the waye
Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye,
Perys and plommes to plucke.
I can spye a sparowes nest,
I will not go to scole but whan me lest,
For there begynneth a sory fest,
When the mayster sholde lyfte my docke.

UNKNOWN.

whylowe ryne] willow bark, or stick (hollowed into a whistle).
fytte] bar or stave. lest] list, pleases.

*For a Design in Painted Cloth**

I AM called Chyldhod, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball.
A toppe can I set, and dryue it in his kynde.
But would to god these hatefull bookes all,
Were in a fyre brent to pouder small.
Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play:
Which lyfe god sende me to myne endyng day.

THOMAS MORE.

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.'

* 'Mayster Thomas More in his youth deuysed in hys fathers house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe, with nyne pageauntes, and verses ouer. In the first pageant was painted a boy playing at the top & squyrge' (= whip). Wyllyam Rastell.

cokstele] stick loaded with lead thrown at cocks in the sport known as cock-squoiling.

'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leapèd and shoutèd and laugh'd
And all the hills echoèd.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Sand-Hill

WE went to this Bourne in order that I might show my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years' old; from which I have scores of times run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was, a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to *desport* ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and then the others, one at head and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll, there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But, that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my *education*; and this was

the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it; that, if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels; I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors, to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools, that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Remembrances

SUMMER'S pleasures they are gone like to visions every one,
And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on.
I tried to call them back, but unbidden they are gone
Far away from heart and eye and forever far away.
Dear heart, and can it be that such raptures meet decay?
I thought them all eternal when by Langley Bush I lay,
I thought them joys eternal when I used to shout and play
On its bank at 'clink and bandy', 'chock' and 'taw' and 'ducking stone,'
Where silence sitteth now on the wild heath as her own
Like a ruin of the past all alone.

When I used to lie and sing by old Eastwell's boiling
spring,
When I used to tie the willow boughs together for a swing,
And fish with crooked pins and thread and never catch
a thing,
With heart just like a feather, now as heavy as a stone;
When beneath old Lea Close oak I the bottom branches
broke
To make our harvest cart like so many working folk,
And then to cut a straw at the brook to have a soak.
O I never dreamed of parting or that trouble had a sting,
Or that pleasures like a flock of birds would ever take to
wing,
Leaving nothing but a little naked spring.

When jumping time away on old Crossberry Way,
And eating awes like sugar plums ere they had lost the may,
And skipping like a leveret before the peep of day
On the roly poly up and downs of pleasant Swordy Well,
When in Round Oak's narrow lane as the south got black
again
We sought the hollow ash that was shelter from the rain,
With our pockets full of peas we had stolen from the grain;
How delicious was the dinner time on such a showery day!
O words are poor receipts for what time hath stole away,
The ancient pulpit trees and the play.

When for school oer Little Field with its brook and
wooden brig,
Where I swaggered like a man though I was not half so big,
While I held my little plough though twas but a willow
twig,

And drove my team along made of nothing but a name,
'Gee hep' and 'hoit' and 'woi'—O I never call to mind
These pleasant names of places but I leave a sigh behind,
While I see little mouldiwarps hang sweeing to the wind
On the only aged willow that in all the field remains,
And nature hides her face while they're sweeing in their chains
And in a silent murmuring complains.

Here was commons for their hills, where they seek for freedom still,
Though every common's gone and though traps are set to kill
The little homeless miners—O it turns my bosom chill
When I think of old Sneap Green, Puddock's Nook and Hilly Snow,
Where bramble bushes grew and the daisy gemmed in dew
And the hills of silken grass like to cushions to the view,
Where we threw the pismire crumbs when we'd nothing else to do,
All levelled like a desert by the never weary plough,
All banished like the sun where that cloud is passing now
And settled here for ever on its brow.

O I never thought that joys would run away from boys,
Or that boys would change their minds and forsake such summer joys;
But alack I never dreamed that the world had other toys
To petrify first feelings like the fable into stone,
Till I found the pleasure past and a winter come at last,

mouldiwarps] moles. sweeing] swaying.

Then the fields were sudden bare and the sky got overcast
And boyhood's pleasing haunt like a blossom in the blast
Was shrivelled to a withered weed and trampled down and done,
Till vanished was the morning spring and set the summer sun
And winter fought her battle strife and won.

By Langley Bush I roam, but the bush hath left its hill,
On Cowper Green I stray, tis a desert strange and chill,
And the spreading Lea Close oak, ere decay had penned its will,
To the axe of the spoiler and self-interest fell a prey,
And Crossberry Way and old Round Oak's narrow lane
With its hollow trees like pulpits I shall never see again,
Enclosure like a Buonaparte let not a thing remain,
It levelled every bush and tree and levelled every hill
And hung the moles for traitors—though the brook is running still
It runs a sicker brook, cold and chill.

O had I known as then joy had left the paths of men,
I had watched her night and day, be sure, and never slept agen,
And when she turned to go, O I'd caught her mantle then,
And wooed her like a lover by my lonely side to stay;
Ay, knelt and worshipped on, as love in beauty's bower,
And clung upon her smiles as a bee upon a flower,
And gave her heart my posies, all cropt in a sunny hour,
As keepsakes and pledges all to never fade away;
But love never heeded to treasure up the may,
So it went the common road to decay.

JOHN CLARE.

Modest Possessions

THE law was, that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed;—and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho bazaar—as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair. I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them; but afterwards quietly told me it was not right that I should have them; and I never saw them again.

Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but, I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of my carpet;—examining the knots in the wood

of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses; with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned till a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The Lantern-Bearers

TOWARD the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen.

The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we certainly had an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious 'Have you got your lantern?' and a gratified 'Yes!' That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the polecat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked—or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich stream of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the Washhouse

'YOU can't be a bee, Kezia. A bee's not an animal. It's a ninseck.'

'Oh, but I do want to be a bee frightfully,' wailed Kezia . . . A tiny bee, all yellow-furry, with striped legs. She drew her legs up under her and leaned over the table. She felt she was a bee.

'A ninseck must be an animal,' she said stoutly. 'It makes a noise. It's not like a fish.'

'I'm a bull, I'm a bull!' cried Pip. And he gave such a tremendous bellow—how did he make that noise?—that Lottie looked quite alarmed.

'I'll be a sheep,' said little Rags. 'A whole lot of sheep went past this morning.'

'How do you know?'

'Dad heard them. Baa!' He sounded like the little lamb that trots behind and seems to wait to be carried.

'Cock-a-doodle-do!' shrilled Isabel. With her red cheeks and bright eyes she looked like a rooster.

'What'll I be?' Lottie asked everybody, and she sat there smiling, waiting for them to decide for her. It had to be an easy one.

'Be a donkey, Lottie.' It was Kezia's suggestion. 'Hee-haw! You can't forget that.'

'Hee-haw!' said Lottie solemnly. 'When do I have to say it?'

'I'll explain, I'll explain,' said the bull. It was he who had the cards. He waved them round his head. 'All be quiet! All listen!' And he waited for them. 'Look

here, Lottie.' He turned up a card. 'It's got two spots on it—see? Now, if you put that card in the middle and somebody else has one with two spots as well, you say 'Hee-haw,' and the card 's yours.'

'Mine?' Lottie was round-eyed. 'To keep?'

'No, silly. Just for the game, see? Just while we're playing.' The bull was very cross with her.

'Oh, Lottie, you *are* a little silly,' said the proud rooster.

Lottie looked at both of them. Then she hung her head; her lip quivered. 'I don't not want to play,' she whispered. The others glanced at one another like conspirators. All of them knew what that meant. She would go away and be discovered somewhere standing with her pinny thrown over her head, in a corner, or against a wall, or even behind a chair.

'Yes, you *do*, Lottie. It's quite easy,' said Kezia.

And Isabel, repentant, said exactly like a grown-up, 'Watch *me*, Lottie, and you'll soon learn.'

'Cheer up, Lot,' said Pip. 'There, I know what I'll do. I'll give you the first one. It's mine, really, but I'll give it to you. Here you are.' And he slammed the card down in front of Lottie.

Lottie revived at that. But now she was in another difficulty. 'I haven't got a hanky,' she said; 'I want one badly, too.'

'Here, Lottie, you can use mine.' Rags dipped into his sailor blouse and brought up a very wet-looking one, knotted together. 'Be very careful,' he warned her. 'Only use that corner. Don't undo it. I've got a little star-fish inside I'm going to try and tame.'

'Oh, come on, you girls,' said the bull. 'And mind—

you're not to look at your cards. You've got to keep your hands under the table till I say "Go".'

Smack went the cards round the table. They tried with all their might to see, but Pip was too quick for them. It was very exciting, sitting there in the washhouse; it was all they could do not to burst into a little chorus of animals before Pip had finished dealing.

'Now, Lottie, you begin.'

Timidly Lottie stretched out a hand, took the top card off her pack, had a good look at it—it was plain she was counting the spots—and put it down.

'No, Lottie, you can't do that. You mustn't look first. You must turn it the other way over.'

'But then everybody will see it the same time as me,' said Lottie.

The game proceeded. 'Mooe-ooo-er!' The bull was terrible. He charged over the table and seemed to eat the cards up.

Bss-ss! said the bee.

Cock-a-doodle-do! Isabel stood up in her excitement and moved her elbows like wings.

Baa! Little Rags put down the King of Diamonds and Lottie put down the one they called the King of Spain. She had hardly any cards left.

'Why don't you call out, Lottie?'

'I've forgotten what I am,' said the donkey woefully.

'Well, change! Be a dog instead! Bow-wow!'

'Oh yes. That's *much* easier.' Lottie smiled again. But when she and Kezia both had a one Kezia waited on purpose. The others made signs to Lottie and pointed. Lottie turned very red; she looked bewildered, and at last she said, 'Hee-haw! Ke-zia.'

'Ss! Wait a minute!' They were in the very thick

of it when the bull stopped them, holding up his hand. 'What's that? What's that noise?'

'What noise? What do you mean?' asked the rooster.

'Ss! Shut up! Listen!' They were mouse-still. 'I thought I heard a—a sort of knocking,' said the bull.

'What was it like?' asked the sheep faintly.

No answer.

The bee gave a shudder. 'Whatever did we shut the door for?' she said softly. Oh, why, why had they shut the door?

While they were playing, the day had faded; the gorgeous sunset had blazed and died. And now the quick dark came racing over the sea, over the sand-hills, up the paddock. You were frightened to look in the corners of the wash-house, and yet you had to look with all your might. And somewhere, far away, grandma was lighting a lamp. The blinds were being pulled down; the kitchen fire leapt in the tins on the mantelpiece.

'It would be awful now,' said the bull, 'if a spider was to fall from the ceiling on to the table, wouldn't it?'

'Spiders don't fall from ceilings.'

'Yes, they do. Our Min told us she'd seen a spider as big as a saucer, with long hairs on it like a gooseberry.'

Quickly all the little heads were jerked up; all the little bodies drew together, pressed together.

'Why doesn't somebody come and call us?' cried the rooster.

Oh, those grown-ups, laughing and snug, sitting in the lamplight, drinking out of cups! They'd forgotten about them. No, not really forgotten. That was what their smile meant. They had decided to leave them there all by themselves.

Suddenly Lottie gave such a piercing scream that all of them jumped off the forms, all of them screamed too. 'A face—a face looking!' shrieked Lottie.

It was true, it was real. Pressed against the window was a pale face, black eyes, a black beard.

'Grandma! Mother! Somebody!'

But they had not got to the door, tumbling over one another, before it opened for Uncle Jonathan. He had come to take the little boys home. . . .

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

The Doll's House

THERE stood the Doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prized it open with his penknife, and the whole housefront swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way

God opens houses at the dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel. . . .

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, 'I live here'. The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

'I'm to tell,' said Isabel, 'because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first.'

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children of the neighbourhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere.

It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hard-working little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in 'bits' given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on the top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding

on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in, 'You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel.'

'Oh, yes,' said Isabel, 'and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe, that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one.'

'The lamp's best of all,' cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. 'Isabel's *my* friend.'

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, 'Have you seen Burnells' doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!' 'Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!'

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs. . . .

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

'Hallo,' she said, to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

'You can come and see our doll's house if you want to,'

said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

'Why not?' asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, 'Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us!'

'Oh, well,' said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. 'It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking.'

But Lil shook her head still harder.

'Don't you want to?' asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

'There it is,' said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as stone.

'I'll open it for you,' said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

'There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the—'

'Kezia!'

Oh, what a start they gave!

'Kezia!'

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

'How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the court-

yard?' said her cold, furious voice. 'You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again,' said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

'Off you go immediately!' she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

. . . . . .

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells', they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

'I seen the little lamp,' she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Skeins

MEMORY, fishing in the past for something contemporary to recollect in connexion with Ellen, catches at Berlin Woolwork, an art and craft I regarded with favour as far as the colours of the wools went, but despised as a producer of results—kettle-holders chiefly. I enjoyed assisting in the winding of these wools; and

now I come to think of it, surely this winding was out of all proportion to the craftsperson's-output. It was, however, a social boon, being, according to Varnish, the only thing that kept that young Turk quiet. I was very unhappy about the way these wools seemed to degenerate. The primal glory of the skein—so I thought—should never have been sacrificed to a miserable conversion into balls or small allowances wound on cards, and even these possessed a richness and charm that vanished as they became incorporated into kettle-holders or more ambitious chair-backs, with stairs running round the outline of the design. I remember a *magnum opus*; swans with a crimson atmosphere, boldly gradated, for background; and how I looked back with regret to the splendour of that atmosphere in its skein-days. I must admit, however, that the same feeling has haunted my whole life in respect of artist's materials of all sorts, before and after The Artist has spoiled them. Unsullied canvasses, virgin tubes of colour, truthfully labelled; hog-hair brushes with clean handles, and sables still fluffy from their makers' hands, unlicked by Philistines who have doubted their point—and deserved to be thumbscrewed—all these things have always been joys to my heart, and best kept safe out of the way of The Artist. He is not to be trusted and will certainly put something in broadly with them if he gets at them, and won't wash the brushes, and will leave the caps off the colours and sit down on them, and will one day do some more to it—the something—only he will first have the canvas put on a new stretcher and gain half an inch at the top. No reasonable person can wonder at my preference for the wool in its protoplasmic form of skeins.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

MEAT AND DRINK

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Babe at Meat

KUTTE withe your knyf your brede, and breke yt nouhte;
A clene Trenchour byfore yow eke ye lay,
And whenne your potage to yow shalle be brouhte,
Take yow sponys, and soupe by no way,
And in youre dysshe leve nat your spone, I pray,
Nor on the borde lenynge be yee nat sene,
But from embrowyng the clothe yee kepe clene.

Oute ouere youre dysshe your heede yee nat hynge,
And withe fulle mouthe drynke in no wyse;
Youre nose, your teethe, youre naylles, from pykynge,
Kepe At your mete, for so techis the wyse.
Eke or ye take in youre mouthe, yow avyse,
So mekyl mete but that yee rihte welle mowe
Answere, And speke, whenne men speke to yow.

Whanne ye shalle drynke, your mouthe clence withe A clothe;
Youre handes eke that they in no manere
Imbrowe the cuppe, for thanne shulle noone be lothe
Withe yow to drynke that ben withe yow yfere.
The salte also touche nat in his salere
Withe nokyns mete, but lay it honestly
On youre Trenchoure, for that is curtesy.

. . . . . .

embrowyng] soiling. yfere] in company. salere] salt-cellar. nokyns] no kind of.

THE BABE AT MEAT

Kutte nouhte youre mete eke as it were Felde men,
That to theyre mete haue suche an appetyte
That they ne rekke in what wyse, where ne when,
Nor how vngoodly they on theyre mete twyte;
But, swete children, haue al-wey your delyte
In curtesye, and in verrey gentylnesse,
And at youre myhte eschewe boystousnesse.

Whanne chese ys brouhte, A Trenchoure ha ye clene
On whiche withe clene knyf [ye] your chese mowe kerve;
In youre fedynge luke goodly yee be sene,
And from Iangelyng your tunge al-wey conserve,
For so ywys yee shalle a name deserve
Off gentylnesse and of good governaunce,
And in vertue al-wey youre silf avaunce.

Whanne that so ys that ende shalle kome of mete,
Youre knyffes clene, where they ouhte to be,
Luke yee putte vppe; and holde eke yee your seete
Whils yee haue wasshe, for so wole honeste.
Whenne yee haue done, looke thanne goodly that yee
Withe-oute lauhtere, Iapynge, or boystous worde,
Ryse uppe, and goo vnto youre lordis borde,

And stonde yee there, and passe yee him nat fro
Whils grace ys sayde and brouhte vnto an ende,
Thanne somme of yow for water owe to goo,
Somme holde the clothe, somme poure vppon his hende.
Other service thanne this I myhte comende
To yow to done, but, for the tyme is shorte,
I putte theym nouhte in this lytyl Reporte.

UNKNOWN.

Felde] field. twyte] hack.

The Wesley Children

AS soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid which attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family.

Mornings they had always spoon-meat; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted to eat, at those meals, of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask any thing of the servants, when they were at meat: if it was known they did, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

. . . . . .

They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine; for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show, that a person may be taught to take any thing, though it be never so much against his stomach.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Strange Fruit

I SHOULD scarcely relate another circumstance which occurred about this time but for a singular effect which it produced upon my constitution. Up to this period I had been rather a delicate child; whereas almost immediately after the occurrence to which I allude I became both hale and vigorous, to the great astonishment of my parents, who naturally enough expected that it would produce quite a contrary effect.

It happened that my brother and myself were disporting ourselves in certain fields near the good town of Canterbury. A female servant had attended us, in order to take care that we came to no mischief: she, however, it seems, had matters of her own to attend to, and, allowing us to go where we listed, remained in one corner of a field, in earnest conversation with a red-coated dragoon. Now it chanced to be blackberry time, and the two children wandered under the hedges, peering anxiously among them in quest of that trash so grateful to urchins of their degree. We did not find much of it however, and were soon separated in the pursuit. All at once I stood still, and could scarcely believe my eyes. I had come to a spot where, almost covering the hedge, hung clusters of what seemed fruit, deliciously-tempting fruit—something resembling grapes of various colours, green, red, and purple. Dear me, thought I, how fortunate! yet have I a right to gather it? is it mine? for the observance of the law of *meum* and *tuum* had early been impressed upon my mind, and I entertained, even at that tender age, the utmost

horror for theft; so I stood staring at the variegated clusters, in doubt as to what I should do. I know not how I argued the matter in my mind; the temptation, however, was at last too strong for me, so I stretched forth my hand and ate. I remember, perfectly well, that the taste of this strange fruit was by no means so pleasant as the appearance; but the idea of eating fruit was sufficient for a child, and, after all, the flavour was much superior to that of sour apples, so I ate voraciously. How long I continued eating I scarcely know. One thing is certain, that I never left the field as I entered it, being carried home in the arms of the dragoon in strong convulsions, in which I continued for several hours. About midnight I awoke, as if from a troubled sleep, and beheld my parents bending over my couch, whilst the regimental surgeon, with a candle in his hand, stood nigh, the light feebly reflected on the whitewashed walls of the barrack-room.

GEORGE BORROW.

David Copperfield and the Waiter

IT was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of casters on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took

the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, 'Now, six-foot! come on!'

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

'There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?'

I thanked him and said 'Yes'. Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

'My eye!' he said. 'It seems a good deal, don't it?'

'It does seem a good deal,' I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

'There was a gentleman here yesterday', he said—'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?'

'No,' I said, 'I don't think—'

'In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker,' said the waiter.

'No,' I said bashfully, 'I haven't the pleasure—'

'He came in here,' said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, 'ordered a glass of this ale—*would*

order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that 's the fact.'

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

'Why, you see,' said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, 'our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I* 'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it 'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?'

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

'What have we got here?' he said, putting a fork into my dish. 'Not chops?'

'Chops,' I said.

'Lord bless my soul!' he exclaimed, 'I didn't know they were chops. Why a chop 's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?'

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

'How 's the pie?' he said, rousing himself.

'It 's a pudding,' I made answer.

'Pudding!' he exclaimed. 'Why, bless me, so it is. What!' looking at it nearer. 'You don't mean to say it 's a batter-pudding?'

'Yes, it is indeed.'

'Why, a batter-pudding,' he said, taking up a table-spoon, 'is my favourite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let 's see who'll get most.'

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The Burnt Porridge

THE refectory was a great, low-ceiled gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it: from the van of the procession, the tallgirls of the first class, rose the whispered words:—

'Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!'

'Silence!' ejaculated a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who

installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before; she was not visible: Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange foreign looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess: burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it; she looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered:—

'Abominable stuff! How shameful!'

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Romance

WE need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

. . . . . .

When children are together even a meal is felt as an interruption in the business of life; and they must find some imaginative sanction, and tell themselves some sort of story, to account for, to colour, to render entertaining, the simple processes of eating and drinking. What wonderful fancies I have heard evolved out of the pattern upon tea-cups!—from which there followed a code of rules and a whole world of excitement, until tea-drinking began to take rank as a game. When my cousin and I took our porridge of a morning, we had a device to enliven the course of the meal. He ate his with sugar, and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow. I took mine with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation. You can imagine us exchanging bulletins; how here was an island still unsubmerged, here a valley not yet covered with snow; what inventions were made;

how his population lived in cabins on perches and travelled on stilts, and how mine was always in boats; how the interest grew furious, as the last corner of safe ground was cut off on all sides and grew smaller every moment; and how, in fine, the food was of altogether secondary importance, and might even have been nauseous, so long as we seasoned it with these dreams. But perhaps the most exciting moments I ever had over a meal, were in the case of calves' feet jelly. It was hardly possible not to believe—and you may be sure, so far from trying, I did all I could to favour the illusion—that some part of it was hollow, and that sooner or later my spoon would lay open the secret tabernacle of the golden rock. There, might some miniature *Red Beard* await his hour; there might one find the treasures of the *Forty Thieves*, and bewildered Cassim beating about the walls. And so I quarried on slowly, with bated breath, savouring the interest. Believe me, I had little palate left for the jelly; and though I preferred the taste when I took cream with it, I used often to go without, because the cream dimmed the transparent fractures.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Plum-Pudding

ON Christmas Day of this year 1857 our villa saw a very unusual sight. My Father had given strictest charge that no difference whatever was to be made in our meals on that day; the dinner was to be neither more copious than usual nor less so. He was obeyed, but the servants, secretly rebellious, made a small plum-pudding for themselves. (I discovered afterwards, with pain, that Miss Marks received a slice of it in her boudoir.) Early in the

afternoon, the maids,—of whom we were now advanced to keeping two,—kindly remarked that 'the poor dear child ought to have a bit, anyhow,' and wheedled me into the kitchen, where I ate a slice of plum-pudding. Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out: 'Oh! Papa, Papa, I have eaten of flesh offered to idols!' It took some time, between my sobs, to explain what had happened. Then my Father sternly said: 'Where is the accursed thing?' I explained that as much as was left of it was still on the kitchen table. He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass. The suddenness, the violence, the velocity of this extraordinary act made an impression on my memory which nothing will ever efface.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Fat

HE was rather tired with writing, and had a mind to snare some of the yet uncaptured flock of her sympathies. 'Do you know, I have been working hard, darling? I work to buy things for you.' 'Do you work,' she asked, 'to buy the lovely puddin's?' Yes, even for these. The subject must have seemed to her to be worth pursuing. 'And do you work to buy the fat? Because I don't like fat.'

ALICE MEYNELL.

Adam's Goose

NOT that Adam possessed a library, but he read every week *The Irish Homestead*, which he bought at first for its agreeable name, and thinking that it treated of life in typical Irish residences such as 7 Pleasant Street. Then he took an interest in it because it told him unheard of ways of churning butter, milking cows, and feeding pigs; and he remembered sister at the hospital telling him how, if geese were made to co-operate, they would in time lay golden eggs. He wondered if his mother would allow him to keep a couple of geese up in his room, his very own room, and bring them down every morning, before any one was about, to the scullery to have a swim like their kind in Stephen's Green. Some of the people who wrote to the *Homestead* seemed to maintain that if you kept a goose quite quiet, so that it concentrated its mind, it laid better eggs. His room was just the place for an experiment of that sort, so he summoned up courage and sent a postal order to a lady in Cork who advertised geese for sale. He thought one would be enough to start co-operating with, and that if he took his mother by surprise, presenting her with a real egg, even though not of gold, she would not make a fuss; it being understood that none but himself need ever see or hear of the goose, once he had got it safely up the ladder. But it was he who was surprised when it arrived in a brown paper parcel, and showing no sign of interest in co-operation. . . . Tears stood in his eye, for here was the greater part of his small capital in danger, if not lost.

Luckily the postman delivered the ill-starred bird into his own hands, and he was able to convey it to his mountain

fastness without notice. At first he was unwilling to believe it irrevocably dead, and placed it between the blankets of his still warm bed in the hope of reviving it. He left it there while he went out and studied the appearance of other geese in the neighbouring poulterers. His deductions were fatal to his hopes. When he returned he found a cat mewing on the top rung of his ladder, unable to proceed farther because he had fastened the door, or to descend because of an attack of nerves.

He lifted her down, and whispered to her to go away, but she only purred and rubbed herself against his legs, confident that he would not refuse her his hospitality. Seeing that he must either entertain her with a good grace or submit to be blackmailed, he invited her up the ladder, and there in the darkness, feebly illuminated by the bull's eye lantern, and snowed under by the feathers which Adam plucked unhandily from the corpse, he and the cat started to share the goose. For three days this banquet went on intermittently. Then the cat lost interest and came no more, disappearing as mysteriously as it had come upon the scene. About a week later, hearing the lady on the first floor question his mother about the drains, he packed the remains and a fair share of the plumage of the goose back in the brown paper and threw the parcel over Butt Bridge into the water by the Bristol boat, where not many months before he had thought to throw himself. Thus went seven and sixpence: seven and eightpence half-penny, counting the postal order and the stamp and notepaper. And he felt none the better for it; for even a healthy, hungry lad cannot stuff himself with raw gooseflesh for ten days on end, and escape all reproof from Dame Nature.

CONAL O'RIORDAN.

'BEASTS AND ALL CATTLE,
WORMS AND FEATHERED
FOWLS'

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

The Squirrel-Hunt

THEN, as a nimble *Squirrill* from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his *Filberd*-food,
Sits peartly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of Boyes,
(To share with him,) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leaue a Nut nigh broke;
And for his life leape to a neighbour *Oake*;
Thence to a *Beech*, thence to a row of *Ashes*:
Whilst through the Quagmires, and red water plashes,
The Boyes runne dabling through thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the *Bryers*; and that hath lost his shooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haste;
Another cryes behinde for being last:
With stickes and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his *Dray*. . . .

WILLIAM BROWNE.

peartly] boldly. sort] band. Dray] nest.

Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush

MY little Bird, how canst thou sit,
And sing amidst so many Thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My Love with Honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
Five Farthings none will give for thee.
But pr'ythee little Bird come forth,
Thou of more Value art to me.

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to Day,
To Morrow Birds will have a Storm;
My pretty One, come thou away,
My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' Nights,
When Darkness is thy Covering,
At Days thy Danger 's great by Kites,
How can'st thou then sit there and sing?

Thy Food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present State I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better Meat.

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
And Suger-plumbs, if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,
That from the Cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little Bird, if thoul't be mine,
The whole Year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;
Unthought-of Musick thou shalt play;
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry Day.

I'll keep thee safe from Cat and Cur,
No manner o' Harm shall come to thee:
Yea, I will be thy Succourer,
My Bosom shall thy Cabin be.

But lo, behold, the Bird is gone;
These Charmings would not make her yield:
The Child 's left at the Bush alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Pets

AUNT has got two of the most beautifullest Turtle Doves you ever saw. They coo for everlasting and fight. The hawk is in great spirits, it is a nice beast, the gentlest animal that ever was Seen. Six canaries, two green linnets, and a Thrush. . . .

Help [the dog] is very like a tiger when he bites his fleas, a fine, gentle, wise creetyur.

MARJORIE FLEMING (aged six years).

Three Turkeys

THREE turkeys tair their last have breathed
And now this world for ever leaved
Their Father & their Mother too
Will sigh and weep as well as you
Mourning for their osprings fair
Whom they did nurse with tender care
Indeed the rats their bones have cranched
To eternity are they launched
There graceful form and pretty eyes
Their fellow fows did not despise
A direful death indeed they had
that would put any parent mad
But she was more then usual calm
She did not give a single dam
She is as gentel as a lamb
Here ends this melancholy lay
Farewell Poor Turkeys I must say

MARJORIE FLEMING (aged seven years).

Lion

WHEN I was about five years old, having been on amicable terms for a while with a black Newfoundland, then on probation for watch dog at Herne Hill; after one of our long summer journeys my first thought on getting home was to go to see Lion. My mother trusted me to go to the stable with our one serving-man, Thomas, giving him strict orders that I was not to be allowed

within stretch of the dog's chain. Thomas, for better security, carried me in his arms. Lion was at his dinner, and took no notice of either of us; on which I besought leave to pat him. Foolish Thomas stooped towards him that I might, when the dog instantly flew at me, and bit a piece clean out of the corner of my lip on the left side. I was brought up the back stairs, bleeding fast, but not a whit frightened, except lest Lion should be sent away. Lion indeed had to go; but not Thomas: my mother was sure he was sorry, and I think blamed herself the most. The bitten side of the (then really pretty) mouth, was spoiled for evermore, but the wound, drawn close, healed quickly; the last use I made of my moveable lips before Dr. Aveline drew them into ordered silence for a while, was to observe, 'Mama, though I can't speak, I can play upon the fiddle.' But the house was of another opinion, and I never attained any proficiency upon that instrument worthy of my genius. Not the slightest diminution of my love of dogs, nor the slightest nervousness in managing them, was induced by the accident.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Jackanapes and the Duckling

THE Grey Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting. She had been rather proud of the eggs—they were unusually large—but she never felt quite comfortable on them; and whether it was because she used to get cramp, and go off

the nest, or because the season was bad, or what, she never could tell, but every egg was addled but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

It was a fine, downy, bright yellow litttle thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and feet, and such an ungainly walk as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family. And as to behaviour, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest. When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mother's feet, this solitary yellow brat went waddling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the pond.

It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the Postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying—

'Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!'

If the Postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellow-haired child, so propping Miss Jessamine against her own door-post, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

Jackanapes had had the start of the Postman by nearly ten minutes. The world—the round green world with an oak tree on it—was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse. Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become

the master of that delightful downy, dumpy, yellow thing, that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him. Forward! Charge! He aimed well, and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness and dumpiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face. 'Quawk!' said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways. It was this oblique movement that enabled Jackanapes to come up with it, for it was bound for the Pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and, as before, lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the Pond.

And at the Pond the Postman found them both, one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duck-weed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears, because he too had tried to sit upon the Pond, and it wouldn't hold him.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

Wagtail and Baby

A BABY watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through,
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;
The wagtail, in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a-thinking.

THOMAS HARDY.

Jude, the Bird-Scarer

HE sounded the clacker till his arm ached, and at length his heart grew sympathetic with the birds' thwarted desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in a world which did not want them. Why should he frighten them away? They took upon them more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners—the only friends he could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for his aunt had often told him that she was not. He ceased his rattling, and they alighted anew.

'Poor little dears!' said Jude, aloud. 'You *shall* have some dinner—you shall. There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have some. Eat, then, my dear little birdies, and make a good meal!'

They stayed and ate, inky spots on the nut-brown soil, and Jude enjoyed their appetite. A magic thread of fellow-feeling united his own life with theirs. Puny and sorry as those lives were, they much resembled his own.

His clacker he had by this time thrown away from him, as being a mean and sordid instrument, offensive both to the birds and to himself as their friend. All at once he became conscious of a smart blow upon his buttocks, followed by a loud clack, which announced to his surprised senses that the clacker had been the instrument of offence used. The birds and Jude started up simultaneously, and the dazed eyes of the latter beheld the farmer in person, the great Troutham himself, his red face glaring down upon Jude's cowering frame, the clacker swinging in his hand.

. . . . . .

Presently Troutham grew tired of his punitive task, and depositing the quivering boy on his legs, took a sixpence from his pocket and gave it him in payment for his day's work, telling him to go home and never let him see him in one of those fields again.

Jude leaped out of arm's reach, and walked along the trackway weeping—not from the pain, though that was keen enough; not from the perception of the flaw in the terrestrial scheme, by which what was good for God's birds was bad for God's gardener; but with the awful sense that he had wholly disgraced himself before he had been a year in the parish, and hence might be a burden to his great-aunt for life.

With this shadow on his mind he did not care to show himself in the village, and went homeward by a roundabout track behind a high hedge and across a pasture. Here he beheld scores of coupled earthworms lying half their length on the surface of the damp ground, as they always did in such weather at that time of the year. It was impossible

to advance in regular steps without crushing some of them at each tread.

Though Farmer Troutham had just hurt him, he was a boy who could not himself bear to hurt anything. He had never brought home a nest of young birds without lying awake in misery half the night after, and often reinstating them and the nest in their original place the next morning. He could scarcely bear to see trees cut down or lopped, from a fancy that it hurt them; and late pruning, when the sap was up and the tree bled profusely, had been a positive grief to him in his infancy. This weakness of character, as it may be called, suggested that he was the sort of man who was born to ache a good deal before the fall of the curtain upon his unnecessary life should signify that all was well with him again. He carefully picked his way on tip-toe among the earthworms, without killing a single one.

THOMAS HARDY.

Automorphism

ALREADY I had begun to rescue struggling flies from the milk-pot, and watch them into a state of convalescence, or grieve over their demise. Once my aunt persuaded me to put a blowzy old bluebottle out of pain by treading on it, but if, for the moment, reason prevailed over sentiment, sentiment rose up and took vengeance, and I burst into a paroxysm of tears. Only twice since have I deliberately taken animal life, on each occasion with the same result.

I also started an asylum for sick and indigent snails, whose exposure to the weather excited my compassion. I harboured them secretly on the under-surface of the dining-table, and used furtively to warm them at the fire on cold days. Eventually my frequent disappearances under the table excited suspicion, and my darlings were hurled ruthlessly out of the window. The cruelty of the act scandalised and puzzled me very much at the time. I see now that this was crude 'automorphism,' and that the snails were happier on the cold cabbage than by the warm fire; but even still my imagination is too strong for my reason in the matter, and when I lift a worm from my path I say, 'So may God deal by me.' It is a lower and easier grace than charity, but it is better than nothing. 'Your heavenly Father careth for them' gives me warrant for my folly on this point, and I do not want to amend.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

Féri's Dream*

I HAD a little dog, and my dog was very small;
He licked me in the face, and he answered to my call;
Of all the treasures that were mine, I loved him most of all.

His nose was fresh as morning dew and blacker than the night;
I thought that it could even snuff the shadows and the light;
And his tail he held bravely, like a banner in a fight.

* Féri's full name was Francis Békussy. He was killed in the Great War.

His body covered thick with hair was very good to smell;
His little stomach underneath was pink as any shell;
And I loved him and honoured him, more than words can
tell.

We ran out in the morning, both of us, to play,
Up and down across the fields for all the sunny day;
But he ran so swiftly—he ran right away.

I looked for him, I called for him, entreatingly. Alas,
The dandelions could not speak, though they had seen him
pass,
And nowhere was his waving tail among the waving grass.

The sun sank low. I ran; I prayed: 'If God has not the
power
To find him, let me die. I cannot bear another hour.'
When suddenly I came upon a great yellow flower.

And all among its petals, such was Heaven's grace,
In that golden hour, in that golden place,
All among its petals, was his hairy face.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

'THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES'

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness or special fineness, in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

WALTER PATER.

The Rurall Song of Colinet

WHILOME in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest:
How haue I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

EDMUND SPENSER.

'*Three Years she Grew*'

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there 's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

'There was a Boy'

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,

Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the church-yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school;
And, through that church-yard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A Boy's Song

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

Eternal Language

DEAR Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch

Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Sport in the Meadows

MAYTIME is to the meadows coming in,
And cowslip peeps have gotten eer so big,
And water blobs and all their golden kin
Crowd round the shallows by the striding brig.
Daisies and buttercups and ladysmocks
Are all abouten shining here and there,
Nodding about their gold and yellow locks
Like morts of folken flocking at a fair.
The sheep and cows are crowding for a share
And snatch the blossoms in such eager haste
That basket-bearing children running there
Do think within their hearts they'll get them all
And hoot and drive them from their graceless waste
As though there wa'n't a cowslip peep to spare.
—For they want some for tea and some for wine
And some to maken up a cuckaball
To throw across the garland's silken line
That reaches oer the street from wall to wall.
—Good gracious me, how merrily they fare:
One sees a fairer cowslip than the rest,
And off they shout—the foremost bidding fair

To get the prize—and earnest half and jest
The next one pops her down—and from her hand
Her basket falls and out her cowslips all
Tumble and litter there—the merry band
In laughing friendship round about her fall
To helpen gather up the littered flowers
That she no loss may mourn. And now the wind
In frolic mood among the merry hours
Wakens with sudden start and tosses off
Some untied bonnet on its dancing wings;
Away they follow with a scream and laugh,
And aye the youngest ever lags behind,
Till on the deep lake's very bank it hings.
They shout and catch it and then off they start
And chase for cowslips merry as before,
And each one seems so anxious at the heart
As they would even get them all and more.
One climbs a molehill for a bunch of may,
One stands on tiptoe for a linnet's nest
And pricks her hand and throws her flowers away
And runs for plantin leaves to have it drest.
So do they run abouten all the day
And teaze the grass-hid larks from getting rest.
—Scarce give they time in their unruly haste
To tie a shoestring that the grass unties—
And thus they run the meadows' bloom to waste,
Till even comes and dulls their phantasies,
When one finds losses out to stifle smiles
Of silken bonnet-strings—and utters sigh
Oer garments renten clambering over stiles.
Yet in the morning fresh afield they hie,
Bidding the last day's troubles all goodbye;

When red pied cow again their coming hears,
And ere they clap the gate she tosses up
Her head and hastens from the sport she fears:
The old yoe calls her lamb nor cares to stoop
To crop a cowslip in their company.
Thus merrily the little noisy troop
Along the grass as rude marauders hie,
For ever noisy and for ever gay
While keeping in the meadows holiday.

JOHN CLARE.

The Dying Child

HE could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the bluebell,
As he was carried oer the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the Spring:
When he was well and on the lea
He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die at Spring?

THE DYING CHILD

He held his hands for daisies white,
  And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
  That in the green fields grew,
    As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
  And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
  He now no blossoms got:
    They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
  And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie
  His soul seemed with the free,
    He died so quietly.

JOHN CLARE.

Spring and Fall

to a young child

MÁRGARÉT, áre you griéving
  Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves, líke the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Áh! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you wíll weep and know why.

SPRING AND FALL

Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrow's springs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It ís the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.

The Brook

SEATED once by a brook, watching a child
Chiefly that paddled, I was thus beguiled.
Mellow the blackbird sang and sharp the thrush
Not far off in the oak and hazel brush,
Unseen. There was a scent like honeycomb
From mugwort dull. And down upon the dome
Of the stone the cart-horse kicks against so oft
A butterfly alighted. From aloft
He took the heat of the sun, and from below.
On the hot stone he perched contented so,
As if never a cart would pass again
That way; as if I were the last of men
And he the first of insects to have earth
And sun together and to know their worth.
I was divided between him and the gleam,
The motion, and the voices, of the stream,
The waters running frizzled over gravel,
That never vanish and for ever travel.
A grey flycatcher silent on a fence
And I sat as if we had been there since

The horseman and the horse lying beneath
The fir-tree-covered barrow on the heath,
The horseman and the horse with silver shoes,
Galloped the downs last. All that I could lose
I lost. And then the child's voice raised the dead.
'No one's been here before' was what she said
And what I felt, yet never should have found
A word for, while I gathered sight and sound.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A Boy's Animism

THE first intimations of the feeling are beyond recall; I only know that my memory takes me back to a time when I was unconscious of any such element in nature, when the delight I experienced in all natural things was purely physical. I rejoiced in colours, scents, sounds, in taste and touch: the blue of the sky, the verdure of the earth, the sparkle of sunlight on water, the taste of milk, of fruit, of honey, the smell of dry or moist soil, of wind and rain, of herbs and flowers; the mere feel of a blade of grass made me happy; and there were certain sounds and perfumes, and above all certain colours in flowers, and in the plumage and eggs of birds, such as the purple polished shell of the tinamou's egg, which intoxicated me with delight. When, riding on the plain, I discovered a patch of scarlet verbenas in full bloom, the creeeping plants covering an area of several yards, with a moist, green sward sprinkled abundantly with the shining flower-bosses, I would throw myself from my pony with a cry of joy to lie on the turf among them and feast my sight on their brilliant colour.

A BOY'S ANIMISM

It was not, I think, till my eighth year that I began to be distinctly conscious of something more than this mere childish delight in nature. It may have been there all the time from infancy—I don't know; but when I began to know it consciously it was as if some hand had surreptitiously dropped something into the honeyed cup which gave it at certain times a new flavour. It gave me little thrills, often purely pleasurable, at other times startling, and there were occasions when it became so poignant as to frighten me. The sight of a magnificent sunset was sometimes almost more than I could endure and made me wish to hide myself away. But when the feeling was roused by the sight of a small and beautiful or singular object, such as a flower, its sole effect was to intensify the object's loveliness. There were many flowers which produced this effect in but a slight degree, and as I grew up and the animistic sense lost its intensity, these too lost their magic and were almost like other flowers which had never had it.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

'NEW WAX IS BEST FOR
PRINTYNG'

That our sons may grow up as the young plants : and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH PSALM.

Train up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

A chyld were beter to be vnbore
Than to be vntaught.

SYMON.

Wantons that Will not Learn

TAKE them then as yonger brethren litle babes untaughte, and geve them fayre wordes and pretye proper geare, ratilles and cokbelles and gay golden shone, and if the wantons wil not learne yet, but byte and scratch their felowes, beate not the babes yet in no wise, but go and tel their mother.

THOMAS MORE.

The Innocencie of Yong Yeares

BEATE a child, if he daunce not well, and cherish him, though he learne not well, ye shall have him, vnwilling to go to daunce, and glad to go to his booke. Knocke him alwaies, when he draweth his shaft ill, and fauor him againe, though he fau[l]t at his booke, ye shall haue hym verie loth to be in the field, and verie willing to be in the schole. Yea, I saie more, and not of my selfe, but by the iudgement of those, from whom few wisemen will gladlie dissent, that if euer the nature of man be giuen at any tyme, more than other, to receiue goodnes, it is, in innocencie of yong yeares, before, that experience of euill, haue taken roote in hym. For, the pure cleane witte of a sweete yong babe, is like the newest wax, most hable to receiue the best and fayrest printing: and like a new bright siluer dishe neuer occupied, to receiue and kepe cleane, anie good thyng that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wiselie wrought withall, maie easelie be won to be verie well willing to learne. And witte in children, by nature, namelie memorie, the onelie keie and keper of all learning, is readiest to receiue, and surest to kepe anie maner of thing, that is learned in yougth: This, lewde and learned, by common experience, know to be most trewe. For we remember nothyng so well when we be olde, as those thinges which we learned when we were yong: And this is not straunge, but common in all natures workes. Euery man sees, (as I sayd before) new wax is best for printyng: new claie, fittest for working: new shorne woll, aptest for sone and surest dying: new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borowed of the larder house, but out of his scholehouse, of whom, the wisest of England neede not be ashamed to learne. Yong Graftes grow not onelie sonest, but also fairest, and bring alwayes forth the best and sweetest frute: yong whelpes learne easilie to carie: yong Popingeis learne quicklie to speake: And so, to be short, if in all other thinges, though they lacke reason, sens, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodnesse, surelie nature, in mankinde, is most beneficiall and effectuall in this behalfe.

Therfore, if to the goodnes of nature, be ioyned the wisedome of the teacher, in leading yong wittes into a right and plaine waie of learnyng, surelie, children, kept vp in Gods feare, and gouerned by his grace, maie most easelie be brought well to serue God, and contrey both by vertue and wisedome.

ROGER ASCHAM.

lewde] illiterate

Learning Robbed of Hir Best Wittes

THIES yong scholers be chosen commonlie, as yong apples be chosen by children, in a faire garden about *S. Iames* tyde: a childe will chose a sweeting, because it is presentlie faire and pleasant, and refuse a Runnet, because it is than grene, hard, and sowre, whan the one, if it be eaten, doth breed, both wormes and ill humors: the other if it stand his tyme, be ordered and kepte as it should, is holsom of it self, and helpeth to the good digestion of other meates: Sweetinges, will receyue wormes, rotte, and dye on the tree, and neuer or seldom cum to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For verie greafe of hearte I will not applie the similitude: but hereby, is plainlie seen, how learning is robbed of hir best wittes, first by the greate beating, and after by the ill chosing of scholers, to go to the vniuersities. Whereof cummeth partelie, that lewde and spitefull prouerbe, sounding to the greate hurte of learning, and shame of learned men, that, the greatest Clerkes be not the wisest men.

ROGER ASCHAM.

The Godly Bringing up of Youth

THERE is fewe thinges to be vnderstand more necessary then to teache and gouerne Children in learning and good manners, for it is a hye seruyce to God, it getteth fauour in the syghte of men, it multiplyeth goods, and increaseth thy good name, it also prouoketh to prayer by whiche Gods grace is obtayned, if thus they bee brought vp in vertue, good maners, and Godly learning. The cause of the world being so euill of lyuing as it is, is for

lack of vertue, and Godly bringing vp of youth. Whych youth sheweth the disposytions and conditions of their Parentes or Maysters, vnder whome they haue bene gouerned. For youth is disposed to take such as they are accustomed in, good or euill. For if the behauyoure of the gouernour be euill, needes must the Chylde be euill.

And thus by the Chylde yee shall perceiue the disposytion of the Gouernour. For of euill examples, many daungers, & abhominable sinnes follow. For the which both the Discyple and the Mayster shall suffer euerlasting paynes.

It is also necessarye for Fathers and Maysters to cause their Chyldren and seruantes to vse fayre and gentle speeche, with reuerence and curtesye to their Elders and Betters, rebuking as well their ydle talke and stammering, as their vncomly iestures in going or standing. And if yee put them to schoole, see that their maysters be such as feare God, and lyue vertuouslye, such as can punishe sharpely with pacience, and not with rygour, for it doeth oft tymes make them to rebell and run away, whereof chaunceth ofte times much harme. Also their Parentes must oft tymes instruct them of god and of his lawes, and vertuous instructions of hys worde, and other good examples, and such lyke. And thus by litle and litle they shall come to the knowledge of reason, fayth, and good christen liuing. For as S. Paule sayth vnto Timothy: He that doth not regard the cure and charge of them that are vnder the charge of his gouernance, he denieth the faith, and is worse then a Pagan. And take good heede of anye newe seruantes that you take into your house, and howe yee put them in authorytye among your children, and take heede howe they spende that is giuen them: if they be tale tellers or newes caryers, reproue them sharpely, and if they will

not learne nor amende, auoyde them thy house, for it is great quyetnesse to haue people of good behauiour in a house. Apparell not your chyldren or Seruauntes in sumptuous apparell, for it increaseth pryde and obstynacye, and many other euils, nor let your Chyldren go whether they will, but know whether they goe, in what company, and what they haue done, good or euill. Take hede they speake no wordes of villany, for it causeth much corruption to ingender in them, nor show them muche familiaritye, and see that they vse honest sportes and games. Marke well what vice they are specially inclined vnto, and breake it betymes. Take them often with you to heare Gods word preached, & then enquyre of them what they heard, and vse them to reade in the Bible and other Godly Bokes, but especyally keepe them from reading of fayned fables, vayne fantasyes, and wanton stories, and songs of loue, which bring much mischiefe to youth. For if they learne pure and cleane doctryne in youth, they poure out plentye of good workes in age. If any stryfe or debate bee among them of thy house, at nighte charytably call them togyther, and wyth wordes or strypes make them all to agree in one. Take heede, if thy seruaunt or Chyld murmure or grudge agaynst thee, breake it betyme. And when thou hearest them sweare or curse, lye & fyght, thou shalt reproue them sharpelye. And yee that are friends or Kynne shall labour how to make them loue and dreade you, as well for loue as for feare.

HUGH RHODES.

Human Husbandry

THE manurement of Wits is like that of Soyls, where before either the pains of *Tilling*, or the charge of *Sowing*, Men use to consider what the mould will bear, Heath or Grain. Now this peradventure at the first view, may seem in Children a very slight and obvious enquiry; That age being so open and so free, and yet void of all Art to disguise or dissemble either their appetites, or their defects: Notwithstanding, we see it every day, and every where subject to much error; Partly by a very pardonable facility in the Parents themselves, to over-prize their own Children, while they behold them through the vapors of affection which alter the appearance; as all things seem bigger in misty mornings. Nay, even strangers, and the most disinterested persons, are yet, I know not how, commonly inclined to a favourable conceit of little ones: so cheap a thing it is to bestow nothing but Hope.

HENRY WOTTON.

A Cause of Melancholy

EDUCATION of these accidentall causes of melancholy, may iustly challenge the next place: for if a man escape a bad Nurse, he may be vndone by evill bringing vp. *Iason Pratensis*, puts this of *Education* for a principall cause, bad parents, step-mothers, Tutors, Masters, Teachers, too rigorous and too severe, or too remisse or indulgent on the other side, are often fountaines and furtherers of this disease. Parents and such as haue the tuition and oversight of children, offend many times in that they are too sterne, alway threatning, chiding, brawling, whipping, or striking; by meanes of which their poore children are so disheartned & cowed that they never after

haue any courage, or a merry houre in their liues, or take pleasure in any thing. There is a great moderation to be had in such things, as matters of so great moment, to the making or marring of a child. Some fright their children with beggars, bugbeares, and hobgoblins if they cry, or be otherwise vnruly, but they are much too blame in it, many times saith *Lavater de spectris, part. 1. cap. 5. ex metu in morbos gravesin cidunt, & noctu dormientes clamant*, for feare they fall into many diseases, and cry out in their sleep, and are much the worse for it all their liues: these things ought not at all, or to be sparingly done, and vpon iust occasion. Tyrannicall, impatient, harebraine Schoolemasters, are in this kind as bad as hangmen and executioners, they make many children endure a martyrdome all the while they are at Schoole, with bad diet, if they boord in their houses, and too much severity and ill vsage, they quite pervert their temperature of body and mind: still chiding, railing, frowning, lashing, tasking, keeping, that they are *fracti animis* moped many times, and aweary of their liues, and thinke no slavery in the world (as once I did my selfe) like to that of a grammer Scholler. *S. Austin* in his first booke of his *confess. and 4. c.* calls this schooling *meticulosam necessitatem*, And elsewhere a martyrdome, and confesseth of himselfe, how cruelly he was tortured in mind for learning Greeke, *nulla verba noveram; & saevis terroribus & poenis, ut nossem instabatur mihi vehementer*, I knew nothing and with cruel terrors and punishments I was dayly compeld. *Beza* complaines in like case of a rigorous Schoolmaster in *Paris*, that made him by his continuall thundering and threats, once in a mind to drowne himselfe, had he not met by the way with an vncle of his that vindicated him from that misery for the time, by taking of

him to his house. *Trincavellius Lib.* 1. *consil. 16.* had a patient 19 yeares of age extreamely melancholy, *ob nimium studium, Tarvity & praeceptoris minas*, by reason of overmuch study, and his Tutors threats. Many masters are hard hearted and bitter to their servants, and by that meanes doe so much deiect them, and with terrible speeches and hard vsage so crucifie them, that they become desperate, and can never be recalled.

Others againe in that other extreame doe as much harme by their too much remisnesse, their servants, children, schollers, are carried away with that streame of drunkennes, Idlenesse, gaming, and many such irregular courses, that in the end they rue it, curse their parents, and mischiefe themselues. Too much indulgence causeth the like, many fond mothers especially, dote so much vpon their children like *Æsops* ape, till in the end they crush them to death. *Corporum nutrices animarum novercae*, pampering vp their bodies to the vndoing of their soules: they will not let them bee corrected or controled, but still soothed vp in every thing they doe, that in conclusion, they become headstrong, incorrigible & gracelesse; *They loue them so foolishly*, saith *Cardan*, *that they rather seeme to hate them, bringing them up not to vertue but injury, not to learning but riot, not to sober life and conversation, but to all pleasure and licentious behaviour.* Who is hee of so little experience that knowes not that of *Fabius* to bee true, that *Education is another nature altering the mind and will, and I would to God* (saith hee) *we our selves did not spoile our childrens manners, by our overmuch cockering and nice education, and weaken the strength of their bodies and mindes ;* that causeth *custome, custome nature, &c.* And for these causes *Plutarch* in his book *de lib. educ.* and *Heirom epist. lib. 2* epist. 17.

to *Læta de institut. filiæ*, giues a most especiall charge to al parents, and many good cautions about the bringing vp of children, that they be not committed to vndiscreet, passionate, bedlam tutors, light, giddy headed, or covetous persons, and spare for no cost, that they may bee well nurtured and taught, it being a matter of so great consequence. For such parents as doe otherwise, *Plutarch* esteemes like them *that are more carefull of their shooes then of their feet*, that rate their wealth aboue their children. And he, saith *Cardan, that leaues his son to a covetous Schoolmaster to be informed, or to a close Abby to fast and learne wisdome together, doth no other, then that he be a learned foole, or a sickly wise man.*

ROBERT BURTON.

Rudiments

THE World is a great and stately *Volume* of Natural Things; but how very few Leaves of it do we seriously turn over! This ought to be the Subject of the Education of our *Youth*, who, at 20, when they should be fit for Business, know not any thing of it.

We are in Pain to make them Scholars, but not *Men*; to Talk, rather than to Know; which is true *Canting*.

The first thing obvious to Children is what is Sensible; And that we make no Part of their Rudiments.

We press their Memories too soon, and puzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules; to know *Grammar* and *Rhetorick*, and a strange Tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them; leaving their natural *Genius* to Mechanical and Physical Knowledge uncultivated and neglected; which is of exceeding Use and Pleasure to them through the whole course of their Life.

To be sure, Languages are not to be despised or neglected. But Things are to be preferred.

Children had rather be making of *Tools* and *Instruments* of Play; *Shaping*, *Drawing*, *Framing* and *Building*, &c. than getting some Rules of Propriety of Speech by Heart: And those also would follow with more Judgment, and less Trouble and Time.

WILLIAM PENN.

An Hypothesis

I KNOW not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, 'If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, I should not much like my company.' BOSWELL. 'But would you take the trouble of rearing it?' He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but upon my persevering in my question, replied, 'Why yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniencies. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain.' BOSWELL. 'But, Sir, does not heat relax?' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. . . . BOSWELL. 'Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with, any thing?' JOHNSON. 'No, I should not be apt to teach it.' BOSWELL. 'Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir, I should *not* have a pleasure in teaching it.'

JAMES BOSWELL.

Precocity

ENDEAVOURING to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A Child's Reading

I WOULD put a child into a library (where no unfit books are) and let him read at his choice. A child should not be discouraged from reading any thing that he takes a liking to, from a notion that it is above his reach. If that be the case, the child will soon find it out and desist; if not, he of course gains the instruction; which is so much the more likely to come, from the inclination with which he takes up the study.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'*Fed rather than Filled*'

THE great thing with knowledge and the young is to secure that it shall be their own—that it be not merely external to their inner and real self, but shall go *in succum et sanguinem;* and therefore it is, that the self-teaching that a baby and a child give themselves remains with them for ever—it is of their essence, whereas what is given them *ab extra*, especially if it be received mechanically, without relish, and without any energizing of the entire nature, remains pitifully useless and *wersh*. Try, therefore, always

wersh] flavourless.

to get the resident teacher *inside the skin*, and who is for ever giving his lessons, to help you and be on your side.

Now in children, as we all know, *he* works chiefly through the senses. The quantity of accurate observation—of induction, and of deduction too (both of a much better quality than most of Mr. Buckle's); of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicety of appreciation of the like and the unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even; the skill of the rough and the smooth—of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors—and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly and deeply and clearly into the vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, and this is the paradisiac way of it, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer endurance of their school-hours—that stolid lending of ears that do not hear—that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim; alternating, it may be, with some feats of dexterity and effort, like a man trying to lift himself in his own arms, or take his head in his teeth, exploits as dangerous, as ungraceful, and as useless, except to glorify the showman and bring wages in, as the feats of an acrobat.

JOHN BROWN.

'PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT'

Every *Boy* can teach a *Man*, whereas he must be a *Man* who can teach a *Boy*. It is easie to inform them who are able to understand, but it must be a *Master piece* of industry and discretion, to descend to the capacity of *Children*.

THOMAS FULLER.

A Lesson of Wysedome to al Maner Chyldren

AND, chyld, ryse by tyme and go to scole,
And fare not as Wanton fole,
And lerne as fast as thou may and can,
For owre byschop is an old man,
And ther-for thou most lerne fast
Iff thou wolt be bysshop when he is past.

SYMON.

A Lytell Proheme to a Catechizon

I PRAY you all lytell babes, all lytell chyldren lerne gladly this lytell treatyse, and commende it dyligently vnto your memoryes trustynge of this begynnynge that ye shall procede, & growe to perfyte lyterature, and come at the laste to be great clerkes. And lyfte vp your lytell whyte handes for me, whiche prayeth for you to god: to whome be all honour, and imperiall maiesty and glory. Amen.

JOHN COLET.

The Schoole-maister to his Scholers

MY child and scholer, take good heed,
vnto the words which here are set:
And see you do accordingly,
or els be sure you shall be beat.

First, I commaund thee God to serue,
then to thy parents dutie yeeld:
Vnto all men be curteous,
and mannerly in towne and field.

Your cloathes vnbuttoned do not vse,
let not your hose vngartered be:
Haue handkerchiefe in readines,
wash hands and face, or see not me.

Lose not your bookes, inkhorne nor pen,
nor girdle, garters, hat nor band:
Let shoes be tied, pin shirtband close,
keepe well your poynts at any hand.

If broken hosed or shooed you goe,
or slouenly in your array:
Without a girdle, or vntrust,
then you and I must make a fray.

If that you crie, or talke aloud,
or bookes do rend, or strike with knife,
Or laugh, or play vnlawfully,
then you and I must be at strife.

If that you curse, miscall, or sweare,
if that you pick, filch, steale or lie:
If you forget a scholers part,
then must you sure your poynts vntie.

If to the schoole you do not goe,
when time doth call you to the same:
Or if you loyter in the streetes,
when we do meet, then look for blame.

Wherefore (my child) behaue thyselfe
so decently at all assaies,
That thou maist purchase parents loue,
and eke obtaine thy maisters praise.

EDWARD COOTE.

On Nurture

RYSE you earely in the morning,
for it hath propertyes three:
Holynesse, health, and happy welth,
as my Father taught mee.
At syxe of the clocke, without delay,
vse commonly to ryse,
And giue God thanks for thy good rest
when thou openest thyn eyes.
Pray him also to prosper thee
and thyne affayres in deede:
All the day after, assure thy selfe,
the better shalt thou speede.

. . . . . .

Brush thou, and spunge thy cloaths to,
that thou that day shalt weare:
In comly sorte cast vp your Bed,
lose you none of your geare.
Make cleane your shoes, & combe your head,
and your cloathes button or lace:
And see at no tyme you forget
to wash your hands and face.
Put on clothing for thy degree,
and cleanly doe it make:

Bid your fellow a good morrow
or you your way forth take.
To friends, father and mother,
looke that ye take good heede:
For any haste them reuerence,
the better shalt thou speede.
Dread the curse of Parents thyne,
it is a heauy thing:
Doe thou thy duety vnto them,
from thee contempt doe flyng.
When that thy parents come in syght,
doe to them reuerence:
Aske them blessing if they haue
bene long out of presence.
Cleanly appoynt you your array,
beware then of disdayne:
Be gentle then of speech ech tyde,
good manners doe retayne.
As you passe by in towne or streete,
sadly go forth your way:
Gase you, ne scoffe, nor scold; with man
nor chyld make ye no fray.
Fayre speech gets grace, & loue showes well
alwayes a gentle blood:
Foule speech deserues a double hate,
it prooues thou canst small good.
When that thou comest to the Church,
thy prayers for to say,
See thou sleepe not, nor yet talke not,
deuoutly looke thou pray,
Ne cast thyne eyes to ne fro,
as thinges thou wouldst still see;

So shall wyse men iudge thee a foole,
and wanton for to bee.
When thou are in the Temple, see
thou do thy Churchly warkes;
Heare thou Gods word with diligence,
crave pardon for thy factes.

HUGH RHODES.

To the Child in the House

STAND straight vpright, and both thy feet
together closely standing,
Be sure on 't, ever let thine eye
be still at thy commanding.

Observe that nothing wanting be
which should be on the bord.
Vnlesse a question moved be,
be carefull: not a word.

If thou doe give or fill the drinke,
with duty set it downe,
And take it backe with manlike cheere
not like a rusticke Lowne.

If on an errand thou be sent,
make haste and doe not stay,
When all have done, observe the time,
serve God and take away.

When thou hast done and dined well,
remember thou repaire
To schoole againe with carefulnesse,
be that thy cheefest care.

factes] evil deeds. Lowne] boor.

And marke what shall be read to thee,
or given thee to learne,
That apprehend as neere as may be,
wisdome so doth warne.

With stedfast eye and carefull eare,
remember every word
Thy Schoole master shall speake to thee,
as memory shall afford.

Let not thy browes be backward drawn,
it is a signe of pride,
Exalt them not, it shewes a hart
most arrogant beside.

Nor let thine eyes be gloting downe,
cast with a hanging looke:
For that to dreamers doth belong,
that goodnesse cannot brooke.

Let forehead joyfull be and full,
it shewes a merry part,
And cheerefulnesse in countenance,
and pleasantnesse of heart.

Nor wrinckled let thy countenance be,
still going to and fro:
For that belongs to hedge-hogs right,
they wallow even so.

Nor imitate with Socrates,
to wipe thy snivelled nose
Vpon thy cap, as he would doe,
nor yet upon thy clothes.

But keepe it cleane with handkerchiffe,
provided for the same,
Not with thy fingers or thy sleeve,
therein thou art too blame.

Blow not alowd as thou shalt stand,
for that is most absurd,
Iust like a broken winded horse.
it is to be abhord.

Nor practize snufflingly to speake,
for that doth imitate
The brutish Storke and Elephant,
yea and the wralling cat.

If thou of force doe chance to neeze,
then backewards turne away
From presence of the company,
wherein thou art to stay.

Thy cheekes with shamefac't modesty,
dipt in Dame Natures die,
Not counterfet, nor puffed out,
observe it carefully.

. . . . . .

To laugh at all things thou shalt heare,
is neither good nor fit,
It shewes the property and forme
of one with little wit.

To bite the lip it seemeth base,
for why, to lay it open,
Most base dissembling doggednesse,
most sure it doth betoken.

And so to bite the upper lip
doth most uncomely shew,
The lips set close (as like to kisse)
in manner seeme not so.

To put the tongue out wantonly,
and draw it in agen,
Betokens mocking of thy selfe,
in all the eyes of men.

If spitting chance to move thee so
thou canst it not forbeare,
Remember do it modestly,
consider who is there.

. . . . . .

Keep white thy teeth, and wash thy mouth
with water pure and cleane,
And in that washing, mannerly
observe and keep a meane.

Thy head let that be kembd and trimd,
let not thy haire be long,
It is unseemely to the eye,
rebuked by the tongue.

And be not like a slothfull wight,
delighted to hang downe
The head, and lift the shoulders up,
nor with thy browes to frowne.

To carry up the body faire,
is decent, and doth shew
A comely grace in any one,
where ever he doth goe.

TO THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

To hang the head on any side,
  doth shew hypocrisie:
And who shall use it trust him not,
  he deales with policie.

. . . . . .

And in thy sitting use a meane,
  as may become thee well,
Not straddling, no nor tottering,
  and dangling like a bell.

Observe in Curtesie to take
  a rule of decent kinde,
Bend not thy body too far foorth,
  nor backe thy leg behind.

In going keep a decent gate,
  not faining lame or broken,
For that doth seeme but wantonnesse,
  and foolishnesse betoken.

Let thy apparell not exceede,
  to passe for sumptuous cost,
Nor altogether be too base,
  for so thy credit's lost.

Be modest in thy wearing it,
  and keep it neat and cleane,
For spotted, dirty, or the like,
  is lothsome to be seene.

RICHARD WESTE.

Hard Sayings

I WILL, because I would not be long, but deal with Children as Children, give you some few sayings, and they are these: Sleep not at Church, nor at Prayers, for whosoever sleeps at Prayers or at a Sermon, the Devil rocks the Cradle. Be not proud of thy Cloaths, or curious in putting them on, the Devil stands by, and holds the Glass whilst they dress them.

Fight not with thy Play-fellows, for when thou fightest with thy play-fellows, the Devil is thy second.

Play not on the Lords-day, nor at Sermon; for if thou doest, the Devil is thy Play-fellow.

Play not at Cards, Cards are the Devils Books, the Devil writes no Books that thou canst learn any good from.

They that go to Bed without Praying, the Devil is their Bed-fellow.

THOMAS WHITE.

To his little Child Benjamin *from the Tower*

SWEET *Benjamin*, since thou art young,
And hast not yet the use of tongue,
Make it thy slave, while thou art free,
Imprison it, lest it do thee.

JOHN HOSKINS.

Young Love

COME little Infant, Love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged Fathers brow
From cold Jealousie and Fears.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd:
While our Sportings are as free
As the Nurses with the Child.

Common Beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move;
Whose fair Blossoms are too green
Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

Love as much the snowy Lamb
Or the wanton Kid does prize,
As the lusty Bull or Ram,
For his morning Sacrifice.

Now then love me: time may take
Thee before thy time away:
Of this Need wee 'l Virtue make,
And learn Love before we may.

So we win of doubtful Fate;
And, if good she to us meant,
We that Good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that Ill prevent.

Thus as Kingdomes, frustrating
Other Titles to their Crown,
In the craddle crown their King,
So all Forraign Claims to drown,

So, to make all Rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my Love:
Crown me with thy Love again,
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

ANDREW MARVELL.

A Letter

to the Honourable Lady Miss Margaret-Cavendish-Holles-Harley

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre père*;
And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
So God shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
And so I rest Your constant Friend,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so:
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God, his father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

ISAAC WATTS.

Politeness

GOOD little boys should never say,
'I will,' and 'Give me these;'
Oh, no! that never is the way,
But, 'Mother if you please.'

And, 'If you please,' to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, 'Yes, Sir,' to a gentleman,
And 'Yes, Ma'am,' to a lady.

ELIZABETH TURNER.

Creep afore ye Gang

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang;
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Grannie's sang:
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn;
Better creepin' cannie, as fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
Watchin' ilka step o' your wee donsy brither;
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee burdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie;
They wha dinna walk right, are sure to come to wrang,
Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

donsy] saucy

'THE COCKPIT OF LEARNING'

The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
And gladly runne vnto the swimming Pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet *Thrush* of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a Brooke
Withouten paine: but when the *Morne* doth looke
Out of the *Esterne gates*, a Snayle would faster
Glide to the Schooles, then they vnto their Master: . . .

WILLIAM BROWNE.

A laughing school-boy, without griet or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

JOHN KEATS.

The Birched School-Boy

HAY! hay! by this day!
what avayleth it me thowgh I say nay?
I wold ffayn be a clarke;
but yet hit is a strange werke;
the byrchyn twyggis be so sharpe,
hit makith me haue a faynt harte.
what avaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

On monday in the mornyng whan I shall rise
at vj. of the clok, hyt is the gise
to go to skole without a-vise
I had lever go xx^{ti} myle twyse!
what avaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

My master lokith as he were madde:
'wher hast thou be, thow sory ladde?'
'Milke dukkes my moder badde:'
hit was no mervayle thow I were sadde.
what vaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

My master pepered my ars with well good spede:
hit was worse than ffynkll sede;
he wold not leve till it did blede.
Myche sorow haue he for his dede!
what vaylith it me thowgh I say nay?

I wold my master were a watt
& my boke a wyld Catt,
& a brase of grehowndis in his toppe:
I wold be glade for to se that!
what vayleth it me thowgh I say nay?

gise] custom. ffynkll] pepper. watt] hare.

I wold my master were an hare,
& all his bokis howndis were,
& I my self a Ioly hontere:
to blowe my horn I wold not spare!
ffor if he were dede I wold not care.
what vaylith me thowgh I say nay?

UNKNOWN.

The Schoolmistress

LO now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard by MULLA's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, thro' aweful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of flesh y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she 's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Sweet Auburn's School

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Recollection in Tranquillity

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise;
We love the play-place of our early days—
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carv'd, subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd:
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat—
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t'obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our latest day.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Dame School

TO every class we have a School assign'd,
Rules for all ranks and food for every mind:
Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a School:
That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits;
Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
Some trifling price for freedom through the day:
At this good matron's hut the children meet,
Who thus becomes the mother of the street:
Her room is small, they cannot widely stray,—
Her threshold high, they cannot run away:
Though deaf, she sees the rebel-heroes shout,—
Though lame, her white rod nimbly walks about;
With band of yarn she keeps offenders in,
And to her gown the sturdiest rogue can pin:
Aided by these, and spells, and tell-tale birds,
Her power they dread and reverence her words.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The Schoolboy

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Button

THERE was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions.

WALTER SCOTT.

Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago
[1785]

I WAS a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and

wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were pennyless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the

six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruelest penalties, forbad the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports. . . .

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: —and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to. This was the penalty for the second offence.—Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late 'watchet weeds' carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had

any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it 'like a dancer'. It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came,

it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to 'insolent Greece or haughty Rome', that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game 'French and English', and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

CHARLES LAMB.

Blanket-Tossing

A DOZEN big boys seized hold of a blanket dragged from one of the beds. 'In with Scud, quick, there 's no time to lose.' East was chucked into the blanket. 'Once, twice, thrice, and away!' up he went like a shuttlecock, but not quite up to the ceiling.

'Now, boys, with a will,' cried Walker, 'once, twice, thrice and away!' This time he went clean up, and kept himself from touching the ceiling with his hand, and so again a third time, when he was turned out, and up went another boy. And then came Tom's turn. He lay quite still by East's advice, and didn't dislike the 'once, twice,

thrice;' but the 'away' wasn't so pleasant. They were in good wind now, and sent him slap up to the ceiling first time, against which his knees came rather sharply. But the moment's pause before descending was the rub, the feeling of utter helplessness, and of leaving his whole inside behind him sticking to the ceiling. Tom was very near shouting to be set down, when he found himself back in the blanket, but thought of East, and didn't; and so took his three tosses without a kick or a cry, and was called a young trump for his pains.

He and East, having earned it, stood now looking on. No catastrophe happened, as all the captives were cool hands, and didn't struggle. This didn't suit Flashman. What your real bully likes in tossing, is when the boys kick and struggle, or hold on to one side of the blanket, and so get pitched bodily on to the floor; it 's no fun to him when no one is hurt or frightened.

'Let 's toss two of them together, Walker,' suggested he. 'What a cursed bully you are, Flashey!' rejoined the other. 'Up with another one!'

And so no two boys were tossed together, the peculiar hardship of which is, that it 's too much for human nature to lie still then and share troubles; and so the wretched pair of small boys struggle in the air which shall fall a-top in the descent, to the no small risk of both falling out of the blanket, and the huge delight of brutes like Flashman.

But now there 's a cry that the praepostor of the room is coming; so the tossing stops, and all scatter to their different rooms; and Tom is left to turn in, with the first day's experience of a public school to meditate upon.

THOMAS HUGHES.

A Fight

RICHARD was extremely cool.

'Shall we fight here?' he said.

'Anywhere you like,' replied Ripton.

'A little more into the wood, I think. We may be interrupted.' And Richard led the way with a courteous reserve that somewhat chilled Ripton's ardour for the contest. On the skirts of the wood, Richard threw off his jacket and waistcoat, and, quite collected, waited for Ripton to do the same. The latter boy was flushed and restless; older and broader, but not so tight-limbed and well-set. The Gods, sole witnesses of their battle, betted dead against him. Richard had mounted the white cockade of the Feverels, and there was a look in him that asked for tough work to extinguish. His brows, slightly lined upward at the temples, converging to a knot about the well-set straight nose; his full grey eyes, open nostrils, and planted feet, and a gentlemanly air of calm and alertness, formed a spirited picture of a young combatant. As for Ripton, he was all abroad, and fought in school-boy style—that is, he rushed at the foe head foremost, and struck like a windmill. He was a lumpy boy. When he did hit, he made himself felt; but he was at the mercy of science. To see him come dashing in, blinking and puffing and whirling his arms abroad while the felling blow went straight between them, you perceived that he was fighting a fight of desperation, and knew it. For the dreaded alternative glared him in the face that, if he yielded, he must look like what he had been twenty times calumniously called;

and he would die rather than yield, and swing his windmill till he dropped. Poor boy! he dropped frequently. The gallant fellow fought for appearances, and down he went. The Gods favour one of two parties. Prince Turnus was a noble youth; but he had not Pallas at his elbow. Ripton was a capital boy; he had no science. He could not prove he was not a fool! When one comes to think of it, Ripton did choose the only possible way, and we should all of us have considerable difficulty in proving the negative by any other. Ripton came on the unerring fist again and again; and if it was true, as he said in short colloquial gasps, that he required as much beating as an egg to be beaten thoroughly, a fortunate interruption alone saved our friend from resembling that substance. The boys heard summoning voices, and beheld Mr. Morton of Poer Hall and Austin Wentworth stepping towards them.

A truce was sounded, jackets were caught up, guns shouldered, and off they trotted in concert through the depths of the wood, not stopping till that and half a dozen fields and a larch plantation were well behind them.

When they halted to take breath, there was a mutual study of faces. Ripton's was much discoloured, and looked fiercer with its natural war-paint than the boy felt. Nevertheless, he squared up dauntlessly on the new ground, and Richard, whose wrath was appeased, could not refrain from asking him whether he had not really had enough.

'Never!' shouts the noble enemy.

'Well, look here,' said Richard, appealing to common sense, 'I'm tired of knocking you down. I'll say you're not a fool, if you'll give me your hand.'

Ripton demurred an instant to consult with honour, who bade him catch at his chance.

He held out his hand. 'There!' and the boys grasped hands and were fast friends. Ripton had gained his point, and Richard decidedly had the best of it. So they were on equal ground. Both could claim a victory, which was all the better for their friendship.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Educative Ladies

WE were day-boys, William and I, at dispensaries of learning, the number and succession of which to-day excite my wonder; we couldn't have changed oftener, it strikes me as I look back, if our presence had been inveterately objected to, and yet I enjoy an inward certainty that, my brother being vividly bright and I quite blankly innocuous, this reproach was never brought home to our house. It was an humiliation to me at first, small boys though we were, that our instructors kept being instructresses and thereby a grave reflection both on our attainments and our spirit. A bevy of these educative ladies passes before me, I still possess their names; as for instance that of Mrs. Daly and that of Miss Rogers (previously of the 'Chelsea Female Institute,' though at the moment of Sixth Avenue this latter), whose benches indeed my brother didn't haunt, but who handled us literally with gloves—I still see the elegant objects as Miss Rogers beat time with a long black ferule to some species of droning chant or chorus in which we spent most of our hours; just as I see her very tall and straight and spare, in a light blue dress, her firm face framed in long black glossy ringlets and the stamp of the Chelsea Female Institute all over her. Mrs. Daly,

clearly the immediate successor to the nebulous Miss Bayou, remains quite substantial—perhaps because the sphere of her small influence has succeeded in not passing away, up to this present writing; so that in certain notes on New York published a few years since I was moved to refer to it with emotion as one of the small red houses on the south side of Waverley Place that really carry the imagination back to a vanished social order. They carry mine to a stout red-faced lady with grey hair and a large apron, the latter convenience somehow suggesting, as she stood about with a resolute air, that she viewed her little pupils as so many small slices cut from the loaf of life and on which she was to dab the butter of arithmetic and spelling, accompanied by way of jam with a light application of the practice of prize-giving. I recall an occasion indeed, I must in justice mention, when the jam really was thick—my only memory of a school-feast, strange to say, throughout our young annals: something uncanny in the air of the school-room at the unwonted evening or late afternoon hour, and tables that seemed to me prodigiously long and on which the edibles were chunky and sticky. The stout red-faced lady must have been Irish, as the name she bore imported—or do I think so but from the indescribably Irish look of her revisited house? It refers itself at any rate to a New York age in which a little more or a little less of the colour was scarce notable in the general flush.

HENRY JAMES.

'Lusisti Satis'

AT the station, Edward's first care was to dispose his boxes on the platform so that every one might see the labels and the lettering thereon. One did not go to school for the first time every day! Then he read both sides of his ticket carefully; shifted it to every one of his pockets in turn; and finally fell to chinking of his money, to keep his courage up. We were all dry of conversation by this time, and could only stand round and stare in silence at the victim decked for the altar. And, as I looked at Edward, in new clothes of a manly cut, with a hard hat upon his head, a railway ticket in one pocket and money of his own in the other—money to spend as he liked and no questions asked!—I began to feel dimly how great was the gulf already yawning betwixt us. Fortunately I was not old enough to realise, further, that here on this little platform the old order lay at its last gasp, and that Edward might come back to us, but it would not be the Edward of yore, nor could things ever be the same again.

When the train steamed up at last, we all boarded it impetuously with the view of selecting the one peerless carriage to which Edward might be intrusted with the greatest comfort and honour; and as each one found the ideal compartment at the same moment, and vociferously maintained its merits, he stood some chance for a time of being left behind. A porter settled the matter by heaving him through the nearest door; and as the train moved off, Edward's head was thrust out of the window, wearing on it an unmistakable first-quality grin that he had been saving

up somewhere for the supreme moment. Very small and white his face looked, on the long side of the retreating train. But the grin was visible, undeniable, stoutly maintained; till a curve swept him from our sight, and he was borne away in the dying rumble, out of our placid backwater, out into the busy world of rubs and knocks and competition, out into the New Life.

When a crab has lost a leg, his gait is still more awkward than his wont, till Time and healing Nature make him *totus teres atque rotundus* once more. We straggled back from the station disjointedly; Harold, who was very silent, sticking close to me, his last slender prop, while the girls in front, their heads together, were already reckoning up the weeks to the holidays. Home at last, Harold suggested one or two occupations of a spicy and contraband flavour, but though we did our manful best there was no knocking any interest out of them. Then I suggested others, with the same want of success. Finally we found ourselves sitting silent on an upturned wheelbarrow, our chins on our fists, staring haggardly into the raw new conditions of our changed life, the ruins of a past behind our backs.

And all the while Selina and Charlotte were busy stuffing Edward's rabbits with unwonted forage, bilious and green; polishing up the cage of his mice till the occupants raved and swore like householders in spring-time; and collecting materials for new bows and arrows, whips, boats, guns, and four-in-hand harness, against the return of Ulysses. Little did they dream that the hero, once back from Troy and all its onsets, would scornfully condemn their clumsy but laborious armoury as rot and humbug and only fit for kids! This, with many another like awakening, was mercifully

hidden from them. Could the veil have been lifted, and the girls permitted to see Edward as he would appear a short three months hence, ragged of attire and lawless of tongue, a scorner of tradition and an adept in strange new physical tortures, one who would in the same half-hour dismember a doll and shatter a hallowed belief,—in fine, a sort of swaggering Captain, fresh from the Spanish Main,—could they have had the least hint of this, well, then perhaps—. But which of us is of mental fibre to stand the test of a glimpse into futurity? Let us only hope that, even with certain disillusionment ahead, the girls would have acted precisely as they did.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

The German Convent

NEXT morning, after mass, we all went out into the playground. Some girls walked up and down in twos and threes with their arms round one another's waists as they had done in the big hall the night before, and some sat on benches and did needlework. Many were crying. They didn't cry to themselves secretly as most people do, but quite loudly, 'Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!' and their friends tried to comfort them. As soon as a girl put her handkerchief to her eyes other girls ran up and crowded round her and helped. Sometimes they held smelling-salts up to her nose, and they kept saying, 'Gott! Armes Ding! Hat Heimweh!' ('God! Poor thing! She's homesick!')

Soon girls were bursting into tears all over the playground, and their friends ran up to them. It reminded me of the people being taken ill on the steamer and the

steward hurrying to take care of them with the basin. One stout girl in a very short skirt with a sandy pigtail and a big flabby face was so noisy that she soon attracted everybody's attention and got the biggest crowd round her.

She kept screaming, 'Mamá! Mamá! Ich sterbe! Ich sterbe!' ('Mamá! Mamá! I die! I die!')

And she made her arms stiff and fell backwards on top of the others so that they had to hold her up. Whenever she felt a little better she smiled and kissed them all round, and pulled a big tin of sweets out of her pocket and offered them to everybody and ate some herself; and when she had had enough she put the lid on the tin and the tin back in her pocket and began to cry again. Soon most of the girls were in tears and there were scarcely any left to comfort them.

I was very much surprised. I had never seen so many people crying all at once before. I was inclined to cry myself, but I didn't because I didn't want to be comforted by strangers, and I had not made friends with any of them yet.

JULIET M. SOSKICE.

YOUNG TOILERS

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Chimney-Sweepers

I

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry ' 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There 's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

II

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying ' 'weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother, say?'—
'They are both gone up to the Church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothèd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King,
Who make up a Heaven of our misery.'

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Innocent Blacknesses

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—

these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely, he must be lost for ever'!—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the 'Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises'.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

CHARLES LAMB.

Barbara S——

THIS little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life; but as yet the 'Children in the Wood' was not.

. . . . . .

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast

fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows, Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had gone down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This

little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figure of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

. . . . . .

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Herd Laddie

IT 's a lang time yet till the kye gae hame,
It 's a weary time yet till the kye gae hame;
Till the lang shadows fa' in the sun's yellow flame,
And the birds sing gude night, as the kye gae hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie for gloamin's sweet fa',
But slow moves the sun to the hills far awa';
In the shade o' the broom-bush how fain would he lie,
But there 's nae rest for him when he 's herding the kye.

They'll no be content wi' the grass on the lea,
For do what he will to the corn aye they'll be;—
The weary wee herd laddie to pity there is nane,
Sae tired and sae hungry wi' herding his lane.

When the bee 's in its byke, and the bird in its nest,
And the kye in the byre, that 's the hour he lo'es best;
Wi' a fu' cog of brose he sleeps like a stane,—
But it scarce seems a blink till he 's wauken'd again.

ALEXANDER SMART.

The Mould-Runner

THE next morning, at half-past five, Darius began his career in earnest. He was 'mould-runner' to a 'muffin-maker', a muffin being not a comestible but a small plate, fashioned by its maker on a mould. The business of Darius was to run as hard as he could with the mould, and a newly created plate adhering thereto, into the drying-stove. This 'stove' was a room lined with shelves, and having a red-hot stove and stove-pipe in the middle. As no man of seven could reach the upper shelves, a pair of steps was provided for Darius, and up these he had to scamper. Each mould with its plate had to be leaned carefully against the wall, and if the soft clay of a new-born plate was damaged, Darius was knocked down. The atmosphere outside the stove was chill, but owing to the heat of the stove, Darius was obliged to work half naked. His sweat ran down his cheeks, and down his chest, and down his back, making white channels, and lastly it soaked his hair.

When there were no moulds to be sprinted into the drying-stove, and no moulds to be carried less rapidly out, Darius was engaged in clay-wedging. That is to say, he took a piece of raw clay weighing more than himself, cut it in two with a wire, raised one half above his head and

crashed it down with all his force upon the other half, and he repeated the process until the clay was thoroughly soft and even in texture. At a later period it was discovered that hydraulic machinery could perform this operation more easily and more effectually than the brawny arms of a man of seven. At eight o'clock in the evening Darius was told that he had done enough for that day, and that he must arrive at five sharp the next morning to light the fire, before his master the muffin-maker began to work. When he inquired how he was to light the fire his master kicked him jovially on the thigh and suggested that he should ask another mould-runner. His master was not a bad man at heart, it was said, but on Tuesdays, after Sunday and Saint Monday, masters were apt to be capricious.

Darius reached home at a quarter to nine, having eaten nothing but bread all day. Somehow he had lapsed into the child again. His mother took him on her knee, and wrapped her sacking apron round his ragged clothes, and cried over him and cried into his supper of porridge, and undressed him and put him to bed. But he could not sleep easily because he was afraid of being late the next morning.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Homeless

ONE cold morning at Penzance I got into an omnibus at the station to travel to the small town of St. Just, six or seven miles away. Just before we started, a party of eight or ten queer-looking people came hurriedly up and climbed to the top seats. They were men and women, with two or three children, the women carelessly dressed, the men chalky-faced and long-haired, in ulsters of light

colours and large patterns. When we had travelled two or three miles one of the outside passengers climbed down and came in to escape from the cold, and edged into a place opposite mine. He was a little boy of about seven or eight years old, and he had a small, quaint face with a tired expression on it, and wore a soiled scarlet Turkish fez on his head, and a big pepper-and-salt overcoat heavily trimmed with old, ragged imitation astrakhan.

. . . . . .

By-and-by the humorous gentlemen who sat on either side of him began to play him little tricks, one snatching off his scarlet cap and the other blowing on his neck. He laughed a little, just to show that he didn't object to a bit of fun at his expense, but when the annoyance was continued he put on a serious face, and folding up his cap thrust it into his overcoat pocket. He was not going to be made a butt of!

'Where is your home?' I asked him.

'I haven't got a home,' he returned.

'What, no home? Where was your home when you had one?'

'I never had a home,' he said. 'I've always been travelling; but sometimes we stay a month in a place.' Then, after an interval, he added: 'I belong to a dramatic company.'

'And do you ever go on the stage to act?' I asked.

'Yes,' he returned, with a weary little sigh.

Then our journey came to an end, and we saw the doors and windows of the St. Just Working Men's Institute aflame with yellow placards announcing a series of sensational plays to be performed there.

William Henry Hudson.

EARLY SORROWS

Most people, we suppose, *must* forget what they were like when they were children : otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *déchirants* (to use a characteristically favourite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours. Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble, or an Atlantic into Etna; both thimble and mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at *our* griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Death of a Father

THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit; and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the

cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

RICHARD STEELE.

Alice Fell;

or, Poverty

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
'Whence comes,' said I, 'this piteous moan?'
And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

'My cloak!' no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

'What ails you, child?'—she sobbed 'Look here!'
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

'And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?'
'To Durham,' answered she, half wild—
'Then come with me into the chaise.'

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

'My child, in Durham do you dwell?'
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, 'My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

'And I to Durham, Sir, belong.'
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

'And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!'
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Plum-Cake

ONE of the bitterest pangs I ever felt of remorse was when a child—my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant,—but thereabouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitionist; and in the coxcombry of taught-charity, I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that

I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake; the cursed ingratitude by which, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Jam-Puff

'SHUT your eyes, Maggie.'

'What for?'

'You never mind what for. Shut 'em, when I tell you.' Maggie obeyed.

'Now, which 'll you have, Maggie—right hand or left?'

'I 'll have that with the jam run out,' said Maggie, keeping her eyes shut to please Tom.

'Why, you don't like that, you silly. You may have it if it comes to you fair, but I shan't give it you without. Right or left—you choose, now. Ha-a-a!' said Tom, in a tone of exasperation, as Maggie peeped. 'You keep your eyes shut, now, else you shan't have any.'

Maggie's power of sacrifice did not extend so far; indeed, I fear she cared less that Tom should enjoy the utmost possible amount of puff, than that he should be pleased with her for giving him the best bit. So she shut her eyes quite close, till Tom told her to say which, and then she said, 'Left-hand.'

'You've got it,' said Tom, in rather a bitter tone.

'What! the bit with the jam run out?'

'No; here, take it,' said Tom firmly, handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

'O, please, Tom, have it: I don't mind—I like the other: please take this.'

'No, I shan't,' said Tom, almost crossly, beginning on his own inferior piece.

Maggie, thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate up her half puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first, and had to look on while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more. Maggie didn't know Tom was looking at her; she was seesawing on the elder bough, lost to almost everything but a vague sense of jam and idleness.

'O, you greedy thing!' said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel. He was conscious of having acted very fairly, and thought she ought to have considered this, and made up to him for it. He would have refused a bit of hers beforehand, but one is naturally at a different point of view before and after one's own share of puff is swallowed.

Maggie turned quite pale. 'O, Tom, why didn't you ask me?'

. . . . . .

She would have given the world not to have eaten all her puff, and to have saved some of it for Tom.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Pain-Fugues

HE would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of 'going quietly'. Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too—of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice—how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet; and as there were starlings about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the

responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse,—that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

WALTER PATER.

The Funeral

THEY dressed us up in black,
Susan and Tom and me;
And, walking through the fields
All beautiful to see,
With branches high in the air
And daisy and buttercup,
We heard the lark in the clouds,—
In black dressed up.

They took us to the graves,
Susan and Tom and me,
Where the long grasses grow
And the funeral tree:
We stood and watched; and the wind
Came softly out of the sky
And blew in Susan's hair,
As I stood close by.

Back through the fields we came,
Tom and Susan and me,
And we sat in the nursery together,
And had our tea.

And, looking out of the window,
I heard the thrushes sing;
But Tom fell asleep in his chair,
He was so tired, poor thing.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The Death of Ford Madox-Brown

NOT long after that something so terrible happened that I think I shall never forget it as long as I live. My dear grandfather died. He had only been ill a few days, and his illness began on the very night he finished the big picture. There was a nurse in uniform in the house and doctors drove up to the door in carriages. They wouldn't let me see him, though I begged to be allowed to, and the nurse said that he probably would not know me. But I could not believe that, I was sure she said it only because she didn't want to let me in. I used to wait outside the door because I thought I might be able to slip in when she wasn't looking, and I felt certain that if once he only saw me there he would never let them turn me out again. But one night when the nurse went downstairs for something I slipped up the stairs to his bedroom door. I listened for a moment outside, but I could hear nothing. Then I turned the handle very gently and went in.

He was lying in the bed and there was a lamp burning on the table near him. He lay so still that at first I thought it must be a stranger there, and I was afraid and felt inclined to run away. But then I saw his hand twitch slightly and I wasn't afraid any longer.

I crept up to the bed and looked at him. I didn't wish to wake him, but I was so eager to see him. He was lying on his back with the clothes right up to his chin,

and his beard was spread out over the sheet. His hands were folded on his chest.

His face looked intensely proud and lonely. It seemed to have changed somehow, and to be made of some cold and hard material, with deep new lines carved all over it. His white hair was spread out on the pillow and, as I looked at him, I remembered the picture of a great, stern snow-mountain lying all alone that he had once shown me.

I was going to creep away again because I was afraid of waking him, but all of a sudden he turned his head towards me and opened his eyes and looked at me. It startled me, because he did it so quickly and quietly and I didn't expect it. But I was glad, and I said, 'Grandpapa.'

But he went on looking at me as though he didn't see me, and he didn't smile. And suddenly he said quite quietly, 'I'm sorry, I don't know you,' just as coldly and politely as if I had been a grown-up visitor come to look at the pictures, and he turned his head away.

But I said, 'Grandpapa,' again. I felt I was going to cry, but I didn't, and he turned round and smiled just a little and said, 'Ah, little pigeon.'

But then he turned his head away and forgot again.

I stood quite still. I felt dreadfully unhappy. It was the first time in my life that he hadn't seemed glad to see me. I felt that it would kill me if he didn't say one kind, loving word to me. It was terribly lonely. The wind was howling outside, but it was quite quiet inside the room.

. . . . . .

My grandfather was dead. Next day when I went out I saw on the placards, 'Death of F. M. B.', and I stood and stared at them. I didn't cry because I couldn't believe

that the dead man was really my dear grandpapa, who had always been there in the studio winding himself up and down in the screw-chair, and calling me 'little pigeon', and loving me. It seemed to me somehow that even the newspaper boards would pity me and say something kind to me if it were really he, and not look so dead and hard as if they cared nothing for either of us.

But when I went back again, and the studio was empty, and the screw-chair was turned round to the ladder just as he had left it when he had last climbed down, and his cap and spectacles were lying on the table where he had put them that night when my mother helped him upstairs to bed because he was so tired, and he had said to her, 'Well, my dear, my work 's done now'—then I cried.

JULIET M. SOSKICE.

Plumbers

I KNEW that in winter it would snow,
For my brother had told me.
I knew that snow was white
And soft
And altogether wonderful;
But how white and soft and wonderful
I did not know,
Being too young to remember
Winter.
One day snow fell;
And the garden
Was a new garden;
The trees were new trees.
There were icicles.

PLUMBERS

I marvelled that my brother
Had forgotten to tell me
That there would be icicles.
How could a child see icicles
And not remember?
Or frost on wire-netting,
And not tell?
I was happier than on my birthday;
I was happier than on Christmas morning.
'Selfish little pig,'
Said Nurse.
'You don't think of the poor plumbers;
Nor you don't think of their poor children.
No breakfast for them, poor lambs!
No nice porridge,
No bacon fat;
Not when the poor plumbers
Can't work
On account of the frost.
No fun in the snow,
Not for them.
They woundn't have the heart.
No more would you have the heart,
Not without you were a selfish little pig.'
And my bacon fat choked me,
Because of the bitter knowledge
That one couldn't love icicles
Nor frost on wire-netting,
Because of people called plumbers:
—Not without one was a selfish
Little pig.

SUSAN MILES

FEAR KNOWS HIM WELL'

The appeal to fear may possibly hurt a child; nevertheless, it oftener fails to hurt him. If he is prone to fears, he will be helpless under their grasp, without the hint of human tales. The night will threaten him, the shadow will pursue, the dream will catch him; terror itself have him by the heart. And terror, having made his pulses leap, knows how to use any thought, any shape, any image, to account to the child's mind for the flight and tempest of his blood. 'The child shall not be frightened,' decrees ineffectual love; but though no man make him afraid, he is frightened. Fear knows him well, and finds him alone.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Children at Basil

AT *Basil* a many of little children in the Spring-time, went to gather flowres in a meddow, and at the townes end, where a malefactor hung in gibbets, all gazing at it, one by chance flung a stone, and made it stir, by which accident, all the children affrighted, ran away; one slower then the rest, looking back, and seeing the stirred carcase wag towards her, cried out it came after her, and was so terribly affrighted, that for many dayes she could not be pacified, but melancholy, died. In the same towne another child beyond the *Rhine*, saw a graue opened, and vpon the sight of the carcase, was so troubled in mind, that she could not be comforted, but a little after died, and was buried by it.

ROBERT BURTON.

The Young Mahometan

IF you never spent whole mornings alone in a large library, you cannot conceive the pleasure of taking down books in the constant hope of finding an entertaining book among them; yet, after many days, meeting with nothing but disappointment, it becomes less pleasant. All the books within my reach were folios of the gravest cast. I could understand very little that I read in them, and the old dark print and the length of the lines made my eyes ache.

When I had almost resolved to give up the search as fruitless, I perceived a volume lying in an obscure corner of the room. I opened it. It was a charming print; the letters

were almost as large as the type of the family Bible. In the first page I looked into I saw the name of my favourite Ishmael, whose face I knew so well from the tapestry, and whose history I had often read in the Bible.

I sate myself down to read this book with the greatest eagerness. The title of it was 'Mahometism Explained.' It was a very improper book, for it contained a false history of Abraham and his descendants.

. . . . . .

When I had almost learned the history of Ishmael by heart, I read the rest of the book, and then I came to the history of Mahomet, who was there said to be the last descendant of Abraham.

If Ishmael had engaged so much of my thoughts, how much more so must Mahomet! His history was full of nothing but wonders from the beginning to the end. The book said, that those who believed all the wonderful stories which were related of Mahomet were called Mahometans, and true believers:—I concluded that I must be a Mahometan, for I believed every word I read.

At length I met with something which I also believed, though I trembled as I read it:—this was, that after we are dead we are to pass over a narrow bridge which crosses a bottomless gulf. The bridge was described to be no wider than a silken thread; and it said, that all who were not Mahometans would slip on one side of this bridge and drop into the tremendous gulf that had no bottom. I considered myself as a Mahometan, yet I was perfectly giddy whenever I thought of passing over this bridge.

One day, seeing the old lady* totter across the room,

* i. e. her god-mother.

a sudden terror seized me, for I thought, how would she ever be able to get over the bridge. Then, too, it was that I first recollected that my mother would also be in imminent danger; for I imagined she had never heard the name of Mahomet, because I foolishly conjectured this book had been locked up for ages in the library, and was utterly unknown to the rest of the world.

All my desire was now to tell them the discovery I had made; for I thought, when they knew of the existence of 'Mahometism Explained,' they would read it, and become Mahometans, to ensure themselves a safe passage over the silken bridge. But it wanted more courage than I possessed to break the matter to my intended converts. I must acknowledge that I had been reading without leave; and the habit of never speaking, or being spoken to, considerably increased the difficulty.

My anxiety on this subject threw me into a fever. I was so ill that my mother thought it necessary to sleep in the same room with me. In the middle of the night I could not resist the strong desire I felt to tell her what preyed so much on my mind.

I awoke her out of a sound sleep, and begged she would be so kind as to be a Mahometan. She was very much alarmed, for she thought I was delirious, which I believe I was; for I tried to explain the reason of my request, but it was in such an incoherent manner that she could not at all comprehend what I was talking about.

The next day a physician was sent for, and he discovered, by several questions that he put to me, that I had read myself into a fever. He gave me medicines, and ordered me to be kept very quiet, and said, he hoped in a few days I should be very well; but as it was a new case to him, he

never having attended a little Mahometan before, if any lowness continued after he had removed the fever, he would, with my mother's permission, take me home with him to study this extraordinary case at his leisure; and added, that he could then hold a consultation with his wife, who was often very useful to him in prescribing remedies for the maladies of his younger patients.

In a few days he fetched me away. His wife was in the carriage with him. Having heard what he said about her prescriptions, I expected, between the doctor and his lady, to undergo a severe course of medicine, especially as I heard him very formally ask her advice what was good for a Mahometan fever, the moment after he had handed me into the carriage. She studied a little while, and then she said, a ride to Harlow fair would not be amiss. He said he was entirely of her opinion, because it suited him to go there to buy a horse.

. . . . . .

By the good offices of the physician and his lady, I was carried home at the end of a month, perfectly cured of the error into which I had fallen, and very much ashamed of having believed so many absurdities.

MARY LAMB.

Night Fears

I WAS dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have

said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

CHARLES LAMB.

Superstition

SOME days ago Isabella had a terrable fit of the toothake and she walked with a long nightshift at dead of night like a gost and I thought she was one Sha prayed for tired natures sweet restorer bamy sleep but did not get it a ghostly figure she was indeed enought to make a saint tremble it made me quever & sheke from top to toe but I soon got the better of it & and next morning I quite forgot it Superstition is a very mean thing & should be dispised and shuned

MARJORIE FLEMING. (aged seven years.)

Panics Unaccountable

SOMETIMES the dim light of the windows in the night seemed to advance till it pressed upon my eyeballs, and then the windows would seem to recede to an infinite distance. If I laid my hand under my head on the pillow, the hand seemed to vanish almost to a point, while the head grew as big as a mountain. Sometimes I was panic struck at the head of the stairs, and was sure I could never get down; and I could never cross the yard to the garden without flying and panting, and fearing to look behind, because a wild beast was after me. The starlight sky was the worst; it was always coming down, to stifle and crush me, and rest upon my head. I do not remember any dread of thieves or ghosts in particular; but things as I actually saw them were dreadful to me; and it now appears to me that I had scarcely any respite from the terror. My fear of persons was as great as any other. To the best of my belief, the first person I was ever not afraid of was Aunt Kentish, who won my heart and my confidence when I was sixteen. My heart was ready enough to flow out; and it often did: but I always repented of such expansion, the next time I dreaded to meet a human face.—It now occurs to me, and it may be worth while to note it,—what the extremest terror of all was about. We were often sent to walk on the Castle Hill at Norwich. In the wide area below, the residents were wont to expose their feather-beds, and to beat them with a stick. That sound,—a dull shock,—used to make my heart stand still: and it was no use my standing at the rails above, and seeing the process. The striking of the blow and the arrival of the sound did not correspond; and this made matters worse. I hated

that walk; and I believe for that reason. My parents knew nothing of all this. It never occurred to me to speak of any thing I felt most: and I doubt whether they ever had the slightest idea of my miseries.

. . . . . .

But my panics were really unaccountable. They were a matter of pure sensation, without any intellectual justification whatever, even of the wildest kind. A magic-lantern was exhibited to us on Christmas-day, and once or twice in the year besides. I used to see it cleaned by day-light, and to handle all its parts,—understanding its whole structure; yet, such was my terror of the white circle on the wall, and of the moving slides, that, to speak the plain truth, the first apparition always brought on bowel-complaint; and, at the age of thirteen, when I was pretending to take care of little children during the exhibition, I could never look at it without having the back of a chair to grasp, or hurting myself, to carry off the intolerable sensation. My bitter shame may be conceived; but then, I was always in a state of shame about something or other. I was afraid to walk in the town, for some years, if I remember right, for fear of meeting two people. One was an unknown old lady who very properly rebuked me one day for turning her off the very narrow pavement of London Lane, telling me, in an awful way, that little people should make way for their elders. The other was an unknown farmer, in whose field we had been gleaning (among other trespassers) before the shocks were carried. This man left the field after us, and followed us into the city,—no doubt, as I thought, to tell the Mayor, and send the constable after us. I wonder how long it was before I left off expecting that constable. There were certain little imps, however, more alarming

still. Our house was in a narrow street; and all its windows, except two or three at the back, looked eastwards. It had no sun in the front rooms, except before breakfast in summer. One summer morning, I went into the drawing-room, which was not much used in those days, and saw a sight which made me hide my face in a chair, and scream with terror. The drops of the lustres on the mantlepiece, on which the sun was shining, were somehow set in motion, and the prismatic colours danced vehemently on the walls. I thought they were alive,—imps of some sort; and I never dared go into that room alone in the morning, from that time forward. I am afraid I must own that my heart has beat, all my life long, at the dancing of prismatic colours on the wall.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Terrors

TERRORS are my earliest recollections, the speechless terrors of infancy, that could not be explained or alleviated—the wall-eyed ghastly bust of Shakespeare in the lobby, that used to drive me into convulsions unaccountable to others; the train rushing over the bridge under which I was wheeled in my perambulator (in chess-board plaid pelisse and peaked straw cap) and giving an impression of a procession of bodiless heads, I not reckoning on the part of the train concealed by the parapet of the bridge; Louy's infant feats of suicidal hardihood in walking on the edge of the kerbstone, or on walls and embankments at least a foot high; the faces, growls and grimaces of Master Tommy Meyers, whenever fate threw me alone with that chief terror of my existence; the agonies of my first

tubbings, which I took as malignantly intended, not feeling any need of them; the slappings and scoldings for frailties of nature, which also seemed ruthless and incalculable outbreaks of hostility on the part of normally friendly powers. Fear, I suppose, is the strongest passion of which semi-animal infancy is capable, and leaves the deepest and earliest dints in the tablets of memory.

. . . . . .

One [of my earliest terrors] was the turkey-cock, ever infuriated by the red element in my plaid frock; another, a large, wolfish dog, called Brandy, whose well-meant nose-thrust used to bowl me over; a third was Thomas Cohen, the eldest son, who managed the farm and used to tease me.

What agony teasing is to children! One day, when Louy and I had been found plunging about in a heap of grain, he said he was going to take us away in a bag and drop us in a well. Mother being away for a day or two, we had no refuge, and hid away all day in a cupboard, in a state of pitiable panic; save that Louy, who had just begun to do her own hair, and was rather proud of the accomplishment, crept out once for a visit to the looking-glass, saying: 'Well anyway I may as well do my hair;' determined to die decently, like Julius Caesar. Now why has that stuck? Yet it is interesting, as showing how early the woman asserts her characteristics. And when evening brought our mother back, what a rushing to those all-saving skirts; what sobs and complaints and explanations and soothings; what a turning of sorrow into joy! Augustine was wiser than to call these things little, for they are big to little ones, and our present scares are as little in the eyes of those above us.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

Concerning Dragons

CHILD

ARE *all* the dragons fled?
Are all the *goblins dead*?
Am I *quite* safe in bed?

NURSE

Thou art quite safe in bed
Dragons and goblings all are dead.

CHILD

Are there no witches here?
Nor any giants near,
So that I need not fear?

NURSE

Who puts such nonsense in thy head—
Witches and giants all are dead.

CHILD

Nurse, have you seen the Ghost
Which comes to Jacob's Post?
I *nearly* did—almost!

NURSE

Hush! do not talk so wild;
There are no ghosts my child.

CONCERNING DRAGONS

CHILD

When Michael's angels fought
The dragon, was it caught?
Did it jump and *roar*?
[Oh! Nurse, don't shut the door.]
And did it try to *bite*?
[Nurse, don't blow out the light.]

NURSE

Hush, thou knowest what I said,
Saints and dragons all are dead.

FATHER

(to himself)

O child, nurse lies to thee,
For Dragons thou shalt see.
Please God that on that day
Thou may'st a dragon slay.
And if thou do'st not faint
God shall not want a Saint.

DOUGLAS PEPLER.

Being and Not Being

MY little friend Humphrey awoke one night—it was only nine o'clock—and he was possessed with the idea that he was dead. He pinched himself without being satisfied to the contrary: he kicked Alick, but Alick continued to snore. Humphrey argued that if he were dead Alick wouldn't know that he had kicked him, for we don't know when the dead are near. So Humphrey pulled all the bed-clothes off Alick, and still Alick snored. In

desperation the little boy sat up in bed and smote Alick with all his might. Alick awoke; Humphrey had no time to explain; a conflict ensued full of life and liveliness. It ended when both boys rolled out of bed and came to the floor with a thud. This brought Father upstairs. He was a man who never speculated on 'being and not being'; but he had rigid ideas about his little boys being in bed and at rest after Curfew. When he left the night nursery Humphrey said, 'I wish I had been dead'; and Alick as wickedly replied, 'So do I.' But they needed consolation, drew nearer to each other, and kissed before they fell asleep.

H. Maynard Smith.

Aunts

SHE * was a very kind poetess who lived in one of a row of houses in Torrington Square and wrote poems that usually ended sadly. She was very religious, and sometimes she used to put on a long black veil and go into a sisterhood to pray. But at other times she wore a black dress and a white lace cap, and we used to find her in the back room of her house with her hands folded, thinking and waiting for the kettle to boil. But, of course, she did other things as well. Once she made me a tiny dining-room table and half a dozen chairs out of chestnuts and pins and red string, and put them in a little box and gave them to me and said, 'When you look at them, remember Aunt Christina,' and I did.

She had a mild religious face, and smooth hair, and very big grey eyes, rather prominent. When we came in she

* Christina Rossetti.

was always glad, and she used to say, 'Welcome, merry little maidens,' and made us sit round the table and have tea, and eat as much as we wanted. She had a big cupboard with sweets in it, and a glass tank full of gold-fish, and two very ancient ugly aunts who lay in beds on the opposite sides of a room, with a strip of carpet in the middle.

They were so old that they couldn't stand up, and they could hardly talk. They always seemed to me to be waving their long skinny hands. They wore big nightcaps with frills round the edges and flowered bed-jackets.

They were very fond of children and, after tea, I used to be sent up for them to look at. They used to stretch out their hands to me, and I used to stand on the strip of carpet between them and seem rude and unwilling to make friends. But it was really because I was frightened, for they reminded me of the wolf when he had eaten Red-Riding-Hood's grandmother up, and put on her nightcap and got into bed. They were, in fact, very affectionate, and wanted to be kind to me. It was only because they were so old and dried and wrinkled that I was frightened.

JULIET M. SOSKICE.

'FANCIES FROM AFAR'

Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet & curious apprehensions of ye world y^n I w^n I was a child.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

Pure and Virgin Apprehensions

THE corn was orient & immortal wheat, w^ch^ never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust & stones of ye street were as precious as Gold: ye Gates were at first ye end of ye World. The Green Trees w^n^ I saw y^m^ first through one of ye Gates Transported & Ravished me; their sweetnes & unusual Beauty made my Heart to leap, & almost mad w^th^ ecstasie, they were such strange & Wonderfull Thing: The Men! O w^t^ venerable & Reverend Creatures did ye Aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And yong Men Glittering & Sparkling Angels & Maids strange seraphick pieces of Life & Beauty! Boys & Girles tumbling in ye street, & playing, were moving Jewels. I knew not y^t^ they were Born or should Die; But all things abided eternaly as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in ye Light of ye Day, & somthing infinit Behind evry thing appeared: w^ch^ talked w^th^ my expectation & moved my desire. The Citie seemed to stand in Eden, or to be Built in Heaven. The streets were mine, ye Temple was mine, ye People were mine, their Clothes & Gold & Silver was mine, as much as their sparkling Eys, fair Skins & ruddy faces. Ye Skies were mine, & so were ye sun and moon & stars, & all ye World was mine; and I ye only Spectator & Enjoyer of it. I knew no Churlish Proprieties, nor Bounds, nor Divisions: but all Proprieties & Divisions were mine: all Treasures &

ye Possessors of ym. So y^t^ wth much adoe I was corrupted; & made to learn the Dirty Devices of this World. W^ch^ now I unlearn, & becom, as it were, a little Child again y^t^ I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

'The Nice Little Frederic'

WE have lately gone on very well, and the nice little Frederic has I believe a week or ten days lost his pain, which same pain I spoke of when I said, 'Frederic, as my mother also tells you, continues without ailment, except his pain, which does not alarm me.' It would be happier without pain; but what a blessing from the Great Being to keep him without ailment!—He is now two days older than seven weeks.—I rejoice at the getting well of my mother, for two reasons which I do not hide from your intelligence; one, because she is more able now to attend to me and my brother Benjamin (though to Frederic equally); and the other, because I like her company, as she is so important a relation of mine.—

Yours affectionately,

T. W. MALKIN. (aged six and a half years.)

A Thinker of Thoughts

HARTLEY is what he always was, a strange, strange boy, 'exquisitely wild,' an utter visionary; like the moon among thin clouds he moves in a circle of light of his own making. He alone is a light of his own. Of all human beings I never saw one so utterly naked of self. He has no vanity, no pride, no resentments; and, though very passionate, I never yet saw him angry with any body. He is, though seven years old, the merest child you can conceive; and yet Southey says he keeps him in perpetual wonderment; his thoughts are so truly his own. His dispositions are very sweet, a great lover of truth, and of the finest moral nicety of feelings; and yet always dreaming. He said very prettily, about half a year ago, on my reproving him for some inattention, and asking him if he did not see something: 'My father,' quoth he with flute-like voice, 'I see it—I saw it, and to-morrow I shall see it again when I shut my eyes, and when my eyes are open, and I am looking at other things; but, father, it is a sad pity, but it cannot be helped, you know; but I am always being a bad boy, when I am thinking of my thoughts.'

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Cow

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They perhaps will make it sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

A Sad Variety

[I WONDER if] anothor book of poems comes near the bible; The Divel always grins at the sight of the bibles; bibles did I say? nay at the word virtue I should like to learn Astronomy and Geography; Miss Potune is very fat she pretends to be very learned she says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies, but she is a good christian An annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of; I am a Pisplikan just now & a Presbeteren at Kercaldy my native town which though dirty is clein in the country; sentiment is what I am not acquainted with though I wish it & should like to pratise it I wish I had a great deal of

gratitude in my heart & in all my body The English have great power over the franch ; Ah me peradventure, at this moment some noble Colnel at this moment sinks to the ground without breath ;—& in convulsive pangs dies ; it is a melancoly consideration

MARJORIE FLEMING. (aged six years.)

In Bed

I LOVE in Isa's bed to lie
O such a joy and luxury
The bottom of the bed I sleep
And with great care I myself keep
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys
But she has goton all the pillies
Her neck I never can embrace
But I do hug her feet in place.

MARJORIE FLEMING.

Perversity of Dress

THE main resource of a small New York boy in this line at that time was the little sheath-like jacket, tight to the body, closed at the neck and adorned in front with a single row of brass buttons—a garment of scant grace assuredly and compromised to my consciousness, above all, by a strange ironic light from an unforgotten source. It was but a short time before those days that the great Mr. Thackeray had come to America to lecture on 'The English

Humourists,' and still present to me is the voice proceeding from my father's library, in which some glimpse of me hovering, at an opening of the door, in passage or on staircase, prompted him to the formidable words: 'Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket!' My sense of my jacket became from that hour a heavy one—further enriched as my vision is by my shyness of posture before the seated, the celebrated visitor, who struck me, in the sunny light of the animated room, as enormously big and who, though he laid on my shoulder the hand of benevolence, bent on my native costume the spectacles of wonder. I was to know later on why he had been so amused and why, after asking me if this were the common uniform of my age and class, he remarked that in England, were I to go there, I should be addressed as 'Buttons'. It had been revealed to me thus in a flash that we were somehow *queer* . . .

HENRY JAMES.

A Recollection

MY father's friend came once to tea.
He laughed and talked. He spoke to me.
But in another week they said
That friendly pink-faced man was dead.

'How sad . .' they said, 'the best of men . .'
So I said too, 'How sad'; but then
Deep in my heart I thought with pride,
'I know a person who has died.'

FRANCES CORNFORD.

Bunches of Grapes

'BUNCHES of grapes,' says Timothy;
'Pomegranates pink,' says Elaine;
'A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me,' says Jane.

'Love-in-a-mist,' says Timothy;
'Primroses pale,' says Elaine;
'A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me,' says Jane.

'Chariots of gold,' says Timothy;
'Silvery wings,' says Elaine;
'A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me,' says Jane.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Death

'*DEATH*,' he shuddered as he lay in bed, 'I wish it wasn't *called* that! I don't think I should mind it so much if it were called Hig.'

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

Never

'WHAT are you looking at, my grandma? Why do you keep stopping and sort of staring at the wall?'

Kezia and her grandmother were taking their siesta together. The little girl, wearing only her short drawers and her under-bodice, her arms and legs bare, lay on one of the puffed-up pillows of her grandma's bed, and the old woman, in a white ruffled dressing-gown, sat in a rocker at the window, with a long piece of pink knitting in her lap. This room that they shared, like the other rooms of the bungalow, was of light varnished wood and the floor was bare. The furniture was of the shabbiest, the simplest. The dressing-table, for instance, was a packing-case in a sprigged muslin petticoat, and the mirror above was very strange; it was as though a little piece of forked lightning was imprisoned in it. On the table there stood a jar of sea-pinks, pressed so tightly together they looked more like a velvet pincushion, and a special shell which Kezia had given her grandma for a pin-tray, and another even more special which she had thought would make a very nice place for a watch to curl up in.

'Tell me, grandma,' said Kezia.

The old woman sighed, whipped the wool twice round her thumb, and drew the bone needle through. She was casting on.

'I was thinking of your Uncle William, darling,' she said quietly.

'My Australian Uncle William?' said Kezia. She had another.

'Yes, of course.'

'The one I never saw?'

'That was the one.'

'Well, what happened to him?' Kezia knew perfectly well, but she wanted to be told again.

'He went to the mines, and he got a sunstroke there and died,' said old Mrs. Fairfield.

Kezia blinked and considered the picture again . . . A little man fallen over like a tin soldier by the side of a big black hole.

'Does it make you sad to think about him, grandma?' She hated her grandma to be sad.

It was the old woman's turn to consider. Did it make her sad? To look back, back. To stare down the years, as Kezia had seen her doing. To look after *them* as a woman does, long after *they* were out of sight. Did it make her sad? No, life was like that.

'No, Kezia.'

'But why?' asked Kezia. She lifted one bare arm and began to draw things in the air. 'Why did Uncle William have to die? He wasn't old.'

Mrs. Fairfield began counting the stitches in threes. 'It just happened,' she said in an absorbed voice.

'Does everybody have to die?' asked Kezia.

'Everybody!'

'*Me?*' Kezia sounded fearfully incredulous.

'Some day, my darling.'

'But, grandma,' Kezia waved her left leg and waggled the toes. They felt sandy. 'What if I just won't?'

The old woman sighed again and drew a long thread from the ball.

'We're not asked, Kezia,' she said sadly. 'It happens to all of us sooner or later.'

Kezia lay still thinking this over. She didn't want to die. It meant she would have to leave here, leave everywhere, for ever, leave—leave her grandma. She rolled over quickly.

'Grandma,' she said in a startled voice.

'What, my pet!'

'*You're* not to die.' Kezia was very decided.

'Ah, Kezia'—her grandma looked up and smiled and shook her head—'don't let 's talk about it.'

'But you're not to. You couldn't leave me. You couldn't not be there.' This was awful. 'Promise me you won't ever do it, grandma,' pleaded Kezia.

The old woman went on knitting.

'Promise me! Say never!'

But still her grandma was silent.

Kezia rolled off the bed; she couldn't bear it any longer, and lightly she leapt on to her grandma's knees, clasped her hands round the old woman's throat and began kissing her under the chin, behind the ear, and blowing down her neck.

'Say never . . . say never . . . say never—' She gasped between the kisses. And then she began, very softly and lightly, to tickle her grandma.

'Kezia!' The old woman dropped her knitting. She swung back in the rocker. She began to tickle Kezia. 'Say never, say never, say never,' gurgled Kezia, while they lay there laughing in each other's arms. 'Come, that 's enough, my squirrel! That 's enough, my wild pony!' said old Mrs. Fairfield, setting her cap straight. 'Pick up my knitting.'

Both of them had forgotten what the 'never' was about.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

THEOLOGIA INNOCENTIUM

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.

THE EIGHTH PSALM.

Let the child be good and know it not.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A Little Child of Singular Knowledge, Affections, and Duties that Died while he was yet in Coats

SOME years since, his Mother found him crying: his Mother taking him into her lap, ask'd him why he cried? he answer'd with many tears, he feared he should go to hell; yet he served God as well as he could.

Another time being found weeping upon a Lords-day, his Mother asked him why he cryed? he said, because he remembred no more of the Sermon.

Other times he had wept, lest he should not go to Heaven.

He was weeping by the fire-side, once about a year ago, his Mother took him up in her lap, and asked him why he wept? he said, he was afraid he had told a lie; in what his Mother asked him? he said, You asked me whether I was a cold? I said I was; I cannot well tell whether I was or no.

One morning he was weeping lying a bed longer than he used to do; his Mother asked him why he wept? he said, because he should not be at his quarter of an hour which he spent in secret Prayer daily.

When he fell last sick, of which he died, his father asked him, whether he would die or live? he answered, he had rather die; his father asked him why he would rather die? he said, that he might go to God; but how dost thou know thou shalt go to God when thou diest, said his father? he said, I love God.

I bless God his Practices were not unequal to his

affections and knowledge; he was often found in corners at prayers: when my Wife sent him upon an errand, she would ask him why he staid? he would answer (with much ado) that he thought there was no great hast, so he stayed a little at Prayers; he spent a quarter of an hour daily in secret Prayer; he told his brother he had prayed for him in every room of the house, but one that he thought was not convenient; he was frequent in reading, he would read two or three hours at once; he would go to the maid, and say, Come, shall I come and read? I have several books of his marking, as Mr. *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*, wherein he hath marked many precious things, as you shall hear hereafter; he got his brother to keep a Diary, but he bid that we should not know of it till his death bed; wherein he set down many of his sins, but none of his duties; for them he said were so few, that he could easily remember them: Some of which sins were these:

1. He whetted his Knife upon a Lords-day.
2. He did not reprove one that he heard swear.
3. He once omitted prayer to go to play.
4. He found his Heart dead, and therefore omitted prayer.
5. He omitted Prayer, because he thought God was angry.
6. When his Mother called him, that he answered, *Yes*, and not *Forsooth*.

He one day hearing the Bell toll, said, he would not have any Rings given at his burial, but a good book, that may do them good.

THOMAS WHITE.

The Stackhouse History

FROM my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end forever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realised from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors

young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befel me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was thenceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.

CHARLES LAMB.

A Desire to Depart

I MUST have been a remarkably religious child, for the only support and pleasure I remember having from a very early age was from that source. I was just seven when the grand event of my childhood took place,—a journey to Newcastle to spend the summer (my mother and four of her children) at my grandfather's; and I am certain that I cared more for religion before and during that summer than for anything else. It was after our return, when Ann Turner, daughter of the Unitarian Minister there, was with us, that my piety first took a practical character; but it was familiar to me as an indulgence long before. While I was afraid of everybody I saw, I was not in the least afraid of God. Being usually very unhappy, I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously, and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I was sure that suicide would not stand in the way of my getting there. I knew it was considered a crime; but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice;—justice, first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Justice was precisely what was least understood in our house, in regard to servants and children. Now and then I desperately poured out my complaints; but in general I brooded over my injuries, and those of others who dared not speak; and then the temptation to suicide was very strong. No doubt, there was much vindictiveness in it. I gloated over the thought that I would make somebody care about me in some sort of way at last: and, as to my reception in the other world, I felt sure that God could not be very angry with me for making haste to him when

nobody else cared for me, and so many people plagued me. One day I went to the kitchen to get the great carving-knife, to cut my throat; but the servants were at dinner; and this put it off for that time.

. . . . . .

I was abundantly obedient in act; for I never dreamed of being otherwise; but the interior rebellion kept my conscience in a state of perpetual torture. As far as I remember, my conscience was never of the least use to me; for I always concluded myself wrong about every thing, while pretending entire complacency and assurance. My moral discernment was almost wholly obscured by fear and mortification.—Another misery at chapel was that I could not attend to the service, nor refrain from indulging in the most absurd vain-glorious dreams, which I was ashamed of, all the while. The Octagon Chapel at Norwich has some curious windows in the roof;—not skylights, but letting in light indirectly. I used to sit staring up at those windows, and looking for angels to come for me, and take me to heaven, in sight of all the congregation,—the end of the world being sure to happen while we were at chapel. I was thinking of this, and of the hymns, the whole of the time, it now seems to me. It was very shocking to me that I could not pray at chapel. I believe that I never did in my life. I prayed abundantly when I was alone; but it was impossible to me to do it in any other way; and the hypocrisy of appearing to do so was a long and sore trouble to me.—All this is very painful; but I really remember little that was not painful at that time of my life.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A Great Absence of Goodness

I WISH that in reviewing my childhood I could regard it as presenting those features of innocence and beauty which I have often seen elsewhere, and indeed, thanks be to God, within the limits of my own home. The best I can say for it is that I do not think it was a vicious childhood. I do not think, trying to look at the past impartially, that I had a strong natural propensity then developed to what are termed the mortal sins. But truth obliges me to record this against myself. I have no recollection of being a loving or a winning child; or an earnest or diligent or knowledge-loving child. God forgive me.

. . . . . .

I was not a devotional child. I have no recollection of early love for the House of God and for divine service: though after my father built the church at Seaforth in 1815, I remember cherishing a hope that he would bequeath it to me, and that I might live in it. I have a very early recollection of hearing preaching in St. George's, Liverpool, but it is this: that I turned quickly to my Mother and said, 'When will he have done?' The *Pilgrim's Progress* undoubtedly took a great and fascinating hold upon me, so that anything which I wrote was insensibly moulded in its style; but it was by the force of the allegory addressing itself to the fancy, and was very like a strong impression received from the *Arabian Nights*, and from another work called *Tales of the Genii*. I think it was about the same time that Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, and especially the

life and death of Wallace, used to make me weep profusely. This would be when I was about ten years old. At a much earlier period, say six or seven, I remember praying earnestly, but it was for no higher object than to be spared from the loss of a tooth. Here, however, it may be mentioned in mitigation that the local dentist of those days, in our case a certain Dr. P. of —— Street, Liverpool, was a kind of savage at his work (possibly a very good-natured man too), with no ideas except to smash and crash. My religious recollections, then, are a sad blank. Neither was I a popular boy, though not egregiously otherwise. If I was not a bad boy, I think that I was a boy with a great absence of goodness. . . .

I remember seeing, when about eight or nine, my first case of a dead body. It was the child of the head gardener Derbyshire, and was laid in the cottage bed by tender hands, with nice and clean accompaniments. It seemed to me pleasing, and in no way repelled me; but it made no deep impression. And now I remember that I used to teach pretty regularly on Sundays in the Sunday-school built by my father near the Primrose bridge. It was, I think, a duty done not under constraint, but I can recollect nothing which associates it with a seriously religious life in myself.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

The Young Idolater

ALL these matters drew my thoughts to the subject of idolatry, which was severely censured at the missionary meeting. I cross-examined my Father very closely as to the nature of this sin, and pinned him down to the categorical statement that idolatry consisted in praying to any one or anything but God himself. Wood and stone, in the words of the hymn, were peculiarly liable to be bowed down to by the heathen in their blindness. I pressed my Father further on this subject, and he assured me that God would be very angry, and would signify His anger, if any one, in a Christian country, bowed down to wood and stone. I cannot recall why I was so pertinacious on this subject, but I remember that my Father became a little restive under my cross-examination. I determined, however, to test the matter for myself, and one morning, when both my parents were safely out of the house, I prepared for the great act of heresy. I was in the morning-room on the ground-floor, where, with much labour, I hoisted a small chair on to the table close to the window. My heart was now beating as if it would leap out of my side, but I pursued my experiment. I knelt down on the carpet in front of the table and looking up I said my daily prayer in a loud voice, only substituting the address 'O Chair!' for the habitual one.

Having carried this act of idolatry safely through, I waited to see what would happen. It was a fine day, and I gazed up at the slip of white sky above the houses opposite, and expected something to appear in it. God would certainly exhibit his anger in some terrible form, and

would chastise my impious and wilful action. I was very much alarmed, but still more excited; I breathed the high, sharp air of defiance. But nothing happened; there was not a cloud in the sky, not an unusual sound in the street. Presently I was quite sure that nothing would happen. I had committed idolatry, flagrantly and deliberately, and God did not care.

The result of this ridiculous act was not to make me question the existence and power of God; those were forces which I did not dream of ignoring. But what it did was to lessen still further my confidence in my Father's knowledge of the Divine mind. My Father had said, positively, that if I worshipped a thing made of wood, God would manifest his anger. I had then worshipped a chair, made (or partly made) of wood, and God had made no sign whatever. My Father, therefore, was not really acquainted with the Divine practice in cases of idolatry. And with that, dismissing the subject, I dived again into the unplumbed depths of the 'Penny Cyclopaedia'.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Phantasms of God

OF my first conceptions, or rather pictures, of things divine I should be ashamed to speak, were it not that I believe that all children are much alike in their attempts to grapple with what are the feeblest thoughts of formed minds, and ridiculous at that. We had a moral picture-book (*Aunt Oddamadodd*—euphonically, so it sounded to me) in which was portrayed a certain *Ugly Jane*, with her hair in a net, who was addicted to the evil habit of making grimaces before the glass; upon which a justly enraged heaven

caught her *flagrante delicto*, in the act of putting out her tongue, and there fixed her for ever to the consequences of her wilful choice—surely an apt illustration of the irreparable and eternal consequences of mortal sin! Well—He alone knows why—but that young lady, dreeing her sad doom, served as my phantasm of God for years and years; and even now, if the word is pronounced as we were taught to pronounce it—*Gaud* (as distinct from the short-vowelled gods of the heathen) that grotesque image is the first thing that starts into my imagination. 'Jesus' was a somewhat insipid, long-haired female, derived very possibly from a religious picture. But, for some reason or other, I personified heaven as an old woman after the image and likeness of Mrs. Meyers, with a huge cap tied under her chin and a red plaid shawl folded across her capacious bosom.

One night I had a vision in which these personages figured, and my mother naturally listened with interest to the Divine revelations accorded to innocents and denied to sages, till I came to describe the celestial Gamp as *Mrs. Heaven*, upon which my 'showings' were ignominously relegated to the limbo of illusions and nightmares, and my heaven depersonalized into a place beyond the clouds, where 'poor papa' lived in conditions of unspeakable comfort.

Naturally I studied the clouds with more care after this, and one day rushed in to say I had seen 'poor papa' in heaven, having, as a fact, detected the semblance of a grotesque profile covering half the sky. But my credit as a visionary was gone, and I was snubbed, if not slapped, for saying what was not true. After this I abandoned all interest in theology for a time.

GEORGE TYRRELL.

Jane Mattock's Baptism

JANE went to it with great dread mingled with courage, and without a sound let herself be lifted down into the pit from which at that moment she scarcely thought to emerge alive. She submitted to her first dipping in a compressed and shuddering silence, hoping that within her tight clenched eyes a vision of Heaven would dawn; but the second and the third dipping unnerved her, for the water was unkindly cold. Horror seized her, and the cries of weak nature broke loose. 'You brutes!' she cried, 'you devils!' as the forcing hands compelled her violently again and again to untold depths of grace. The third expression that she used in her extremity may not here be set down; probably in no place of worship had it ever been delivered before with so loud and piercing a distinctness, or so full a faith in its descriptive truth.

Acts followed words: reaching her highest, Jane smote the minister under the fifth rib with all her strength—but it was too late; in spite of indecorous language and angry blows the deed was done; washed clean of sin and made fit for the bliss of full membership in Primitive Brotherhood, Jane returned to the well's brink a shuddering and agitated object, with sharply chattering teeth and bosom rent by sobs. In this spirit she received her new-born soul, and the burden of it went forth with her from that pit of darkness to be her inseparable companion through life.

Mrs. Mattock wrapped her in a blanket and bore her swiftly away from the assembly to her own home. And 'You *were* a naughty girl!' were the first words of which

Jane became properly conscious after this her first entry into a state of grace.

So with bitter humiliation and a deep sense of ignominy and shame she started upon the heavenly way which had been devised for her by others. The only redeeming feature in the whole experience was the total and unexpected absence of blood. There was also a relieved sense that the thing was over and done: never would it have to occur again.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Delirium

I THOUGHT that I was God, with all the labour and responsibility of creation upon my soul. Every clod of earth that went to make the world I had to go and fetch from some far-away corner in utmost Space; I staggered with them, in it seemed a million journeys, to the central place where with infinite labour I had to piece them all together one by one. When I came to making the first man, my conscience—God's conscience—smote me: 'Think and ponder well: if you fashion but one man, it is you who must bear the guilt for all the awful sorrows and wretchedness of the millions of men who will come after, it is you who will be responsible for all the agony of eternal life you are conferring upon a new race.' I shut my ears to the voice (Who is God's conscience?—the Devil?), hardened my heart, and created mankind. Then as I beheld his fall, and all the unhurrying centuries of woe and pain and cruelty and sorrow that followed, and knew that every one of those creatures I had called forth was damned into everlastingness without hope of happiness or

death; suddenly on me too, on me the Lord God, there fell the terror of the Everlasting. All the fear I knew so well as Mary Lee was now a hundred times intensified when I was God. I too, the Almighty, was a victim on the wheel of Space and Time; and as my brain pictured the awful horrible loneliness that would face me for ever watching the birth and death of all the stars and half-a-million worlds, and knowing there was no escape, I made a wild despairing attempt to fling myself headlong over the edge of Space and commit soul-murder if I could. I flung myself over what seemed to be the margin of the universe; I was falling, falling—then arms restored me;—and Grandmother saved me just in time, and put poor delirious brain-sick little God back into bed.

GEOFFREY DENNIS.

'REMEMBERED INNOCENCE'

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

THE SECOND BOOK OF SAMUEL.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Tis not a life,
Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Children of Erl Hugelyn

OF the erl Hugelyn of Pyse the langour
Ther may no tonge telle for pitee;
But litel out of Pyse stant a tour,
In whiche tour in prisoun put was he,
And with him been his litel children three.
The eldeste scarsly fyf yeer was of age.
Allas, fortune! it was greet crueltee
Swiche briddes for to putte in swiche a cage!

Dampned was he to deye in that prisoun,
For Roger, which that bisshop was of Pyse,
Hadde on him maad a fals suggestioun,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him ryse,
And putten him to prisoun in swich wyse
As ye han herd, and mete and drink he hadde
So smal, that wel unnethe it may suffyse,
And therwith-al it was ful povre and badde.

And on a day bifil that, in that hour,
Whan that his mete wont was to be broght,
The gayler shette the dores of the tour.
He herde it wel,—but he spak right noght,
And in his herte anon ther fil a thoght,
That they for hunger wolde doon him dyen.
'Allas!' quod he, 'allas! that I was wroght!'
Therwith the teres fillen from his yën.

briddes] birds. Dampned] Condemned. unnethe] scarcely.

His yonge sone, that three yeer was of age,
Un-to him seyde, 'fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage,
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe.
Now wolde god that I mighte slepen ever!
Than sholde nat hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther is no thing, save breed, that me were lever.'

Thus day by day this child bigan to crye,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,
And seyde, 'far-wel, fader, I moot dye,'
And kiste his fader, and deyde the same day.
And whan the woful fader deed it sey,
For wo his armes two he gan to byte,
And seyde, 'allas, fortune! and weylaway!
Thy false wheel my wo al may I wyte!'

His children wende that it for hunger was
That he his armes gnow, and nat for wo,
And seyde, 'fader, do nat so, allas!
But rather eet the flesh upon us two;
Our flesh thou yaf us, tak our flesh us fro
And eet y-nough:' right thus they to him seyde,
And after that, with-in a day or two,
They leyde hem in his lappe adoun, and deyde.

Him-self, despeired, eek for hunger starf;
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pyse;
From heigh estaat fortune away him carf.
Of this Tragedie it oghte y-nough suffyse.

barme] lap. wyte] lay to the charge of. carf] cut.

Who-so wol here it in a lenger wyse,
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse
Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The Princes in the Tower

I

FOORTHWITH was the prince and his brother both shup vp, & all other remooued from them, onelie one (called Blacke Will, or William Slaughter) excepted, set to serue them and see them sure. After which time the prince neuer tied his points, nor ought rought of himselfe; but with that yoong babe his brother, lingered with thought and heauinesse, vntill this traitorous death deliuered them of that wretchednesse. For sir Iames Tirrell deuised, that they should be murthered in their beds. To the execution whereof, he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murther before time. To him he ioined one Iohn Dighton his owne horssekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knaue.

Then all the other being remooued from them, this Miles Forrest, and Iohn Dighton, about midnight (the seelie children lieng in their beds) came into the chamber, & suddenlie lapping them vp among the clothes, so to bewrapped them and intangled them, keeping downe by force the fether-bed and pillowes hard vnto their mouths, that within a while, smoothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gaue vp to God their innocent soules into the ioies of heauen, leauing to the tormentors their bodies dead

in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceiued, first by the strugling with the paines of death, and after long lieng still, to be thoroughlie dead, they laid their bodies naked out vpon the bed, and fetched sir Iames to see them; which vpon the sight of them, caused those murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetlie deepe in the ground, vnder a great heape of stones.

RAPHAELL HOLINSHED.

II

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
'Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

On my first Daughter

HERE lyes to each her parents ruth,
MARY, the daughter of their youth:
Yet, all heauens gifts, being heauens due,
It makes the father, lesse, to rue.
At six moneths end, shee parted hence
With safetie of her innocence;
Whose soule heauens Queene, (whose name she beares;)
In comfort of her mothers teares,
Hath plac'd amongst her virgin-traine:
Where, while that seuer'd doth remaine,
This graue partakes the fleshly birth.
Which couer lightly, gentle earth.

BEN JONSON.

On my first Sonne

FAREWELL, thou child of my right hand, and ioy;
My sinne was too much hope of thee, lou'd boy,
Seuen yeeres tho' wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the iust day.
O, could I loose all father, now. For why
Will man lament the state he should enuie?
To have so soone scap'd worlds, and fleshes rage,
And, if no other miserie, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye
BEN IONSON his best piece of *poetrie*.
For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vowes be such,
As what he loues may neuer like too much.

BEN JONSON.

Epitaph on S[alathiel] P[avy] a child of Q[ueen] El[izabeth's] Chapel

WEPE with me all you that read
This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's selfe is sorry.
'Twas a child, that so did thriue
In grace, and feature,
As *Heauen* and *Nature* seem'd to striue
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he numbred scarse thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd *Zodiackes* had he beene
The stages iewell;
And did act (what now we mone)
Old men so duely,
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They haue repented.
And haue sought (to giue new birth)
In bathes to steepe him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heauen vowes to keepe him.

BEN JONSON.

Of my deare Sonne, Geruase Beaumont

CAN I, who haue for others oft compil'd
The Songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,
Which like a flow'r crusht, with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,
Expecting with cleare hope to liue anew,
Among the Angels fed with heau'nly dew?
We haue this signe of Ioy, that many dayes,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,
The name of *Iesus* in his mouth containes,
His onely food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.
Deare Lord, receiue my Sonne, whose winning loue
To me was like a friendship, farre aboue
The course of nature, or his tender age,
Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes asswage;
Let his pure soule ordain'd seu'n yeeres to be
In that fraile body, which was part of me,
Remaine my pledge in heau'n, as sent to shew,
How to this Port at eu'ry step I goe.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

On Two Children Dying of one Disease, and buried in one Grave

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:
One Place, one Sire, one Womb their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their Account, yet with their Parents tears
This comfort mingles; Though their dayes were few
They scarcely sinne, but never sorrow knew:
So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence.
You pretty losses, that revive the fate
Which in your mother death did antedate,
O let my high-swol'n grief distill on you
The saddest drops of a Parentall dew:
You ask no other dower then what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have discharg'd that mournfull skore,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne're shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

HENRY KING.

Epitaph

IANE Lister
dear childe
died Oct. 7th 1688.

IN WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS.

Upon a Child

HERE a pretty Baby lies
Sung asleep with Lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK.

On the Death of a Twin

WHERE are yee now, Astrologers, that looke
For petty accidents in Heavens booke?
Two Twins, to whom one Influence gave breath,
Differ in more than Fortune, Life and Death.
While both were warme (for that was all they were
Unlesse some feeble cry sayd Life was there:)
By wavering change of health they seem'd to trie
Which of the two should live, for one must die.
As if one Soule, allotted to susteine
The lumpe, which afterwards was cutt in twain,
Now servde them both: whose limited restraynt
From double vertue made them both to faynt:
But when that common Soule away should flie,
Death killing one, expected both should die:
Shee hitt, and was deceivde: that other parte
Went to supply the weake survivers heart:
So Death, where shee was cruell, seemde most milde:
She aymed at two, and killde but half a childe.

WILLIAM STRODE.

The Children in the Wood

NOW ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde:
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd;
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare,
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye,
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.

With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake,
To this sicke couple there,
The keeping of your children small,
Sweet sister, do not feare;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood:
And told his wife and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
  Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
  They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty speeche they had,
  Made murthers heart relent,
And they that undertooke the deed,
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
  Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
  Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fell to strife,
With one another they did fight,
  About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
  Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
  While babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
  Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
  And look they did not crye:

And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for bread complaine;
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you some,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these two little babes,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

UNKNOWN.

Letter to John Evelyn

DEARE Sr,

If dividing & sharing greifes were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your streame much abated; for I account my selfe to have a great cause of sorrow not onely in the diminution of the numbers of

your joyes & hopes, but in the losse of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my owne sorrowes without adding to yours; & the causes of my real sadnesse in your losse are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourne: So certaine it is, that greife does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, & by joyning mine to yours, I doe but encrease. the flame. *Hoc me malè urit*, is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But, S^r^, I cannot choose but I must hold another & a brighter flame to you—it is already burning in your breast; & if I can but remoove the dark side of the lanthorne, you haue enough within you to warme your selfe, & to shine to others. Remember, S^r^, your two boyes are two bright starres, & their innocence is secur'd, & you shall never heare evil of them agayne. Their state is safe, & heaven is given to them upon very easy termes; nothing but to be borne & die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just & reasonable greife; and indeed, though the greife hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no loosers, but you are the person that complaines, doe but consider what you would have suffer'd for their interest; you haue suffer'd them to goe from you, to be great Princes in a strange country; and if you can be content to suffer your owne inconvenience for their interest, you command your worthiest love, the question of mourning is at end.

. . . . . .

S^r^, I shal pray for all that you can want, that is, some

degrees of comfort & a present mind; and shal alwayes doe you honour, & faine also would doe you seruice, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections & desires of,

Deare Sr,

Your most affectionate & obliged
freind & servant,

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The Burial of an Infant

BLEST Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life
Did only look about, and fal,
Wearyed out in a harmles strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: Thy soul
Flew home unstain'd by his new kin,
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death *wean'd* thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour Comes
To *dresse* them, and *unswadle* death.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

On Anne Worley, aged eight years, who died 3rd September 1653

IN quiet sleepe here lyes the deare remayne
Of a sweet Babe the Father's Ioye and Payne:
A prytty Infant loved and lovinge she
Was bewtyes Abstract; loves Epitome:

A lytle Volume, but devine, whearein
Was seen both Paradice and Cherubin.
While she lived here, which was but lytle space,
A few short yeares, earth had a Heavenly face;
And dead she lookt a lovely piece of claye
After her shineinge soule was fled awaye.
Reader, had'st thou her dissolution seen
Thou would'st have weept had'st thou this Marble been.

FROM A BRASS IN THE CHANCEL OF
REIGATE PARISH CHURCH.

The Distress'd Father
or, the
Author's Tears
over his
Dear Daughter Rachel

OH! lead me where my Darling lies,
Cold as the Marble Stone;
I will recall her with my Cries,
And wake her with my Moan.

Come from thy Bed of Clay, my dear!
See! where thy Father stands;
His Soul he sheds out Tear by Tear,
And wrings his wretched Hands.

But ah! alas! thou canst not rise,
Alas! thou canst not hear,
Or, at thy tender Father's Cries,
Thou surely wouldst appear.

Since then my Love! my Soul's delight!
Thou canst not come to me,
Rather than want thy pleasing sight,
I'll dig my way to thee.

HENRY CAREY.

On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying;
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then strait up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN

Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd; and the pain,
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?
The economy of Heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why Human Buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivel'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,

See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

CHARLES LAMB.

Deaths of Little Children

THE remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one, which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Holy Innocents

THEY worshipped God, to outward appearance without knowing what they did. They died in Christ's stead, Who afterwards died in theirs. Christians they were not, except as the firstfruits of Christ's martyrs. The proxy by whose hand they offered an acceptable sacrifice, was a man wicked and sacrilegious.

And even as their brief life on earth is involved in marvels, so surely to our apprehension is their eternal life in the better country.

For if we are at a loss to conceive the blessedness of ripe saints in heaven, what conception can we form of the blessedness of these whose sanctity was latent, and even whose natural faculties were undeveloped?

They set off speechless, ignorant, with do-nothing hands, helpless feet, vacant minds: for who would lay stress on the speech, or knowledge, work, or walk, or intelligence of infants 'from two years old and under'?

And now they have more understanding than many teachers, and are wiser than many aged.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

To Monica Thought Dying

YOU, O the piteous you!
Who all the long night through
Anticipatedly
Disclose yourself to me
Already in the ways
Beyond our human comfortable days;
How can you deem what Death
Impitiably saith
To me, who listening wake
For your poor sake?
When a grown woman dies
You know we think unceasingly
What things she said, how sweet, how wise;
And these do make our misery.
But you were (you to me
The dead anticipatedly!)
You—eleven years, was 't not, or so?—
Were just a child, you know;
And so you never said
Things sweet immeditatably and wise
To interdict from closure my wet eyes:
But foolish things, my dead, my dead!
Little and laughable,
Your age that fitted well.
And was it such things all unmemorable,
Was it such things could make
Me sob all night for your implacable sake?

Yet, as you said to me,
In pretty make-believe of revelry,

So the night long said Death
With his magniloquent breath;
(And that remembered laughter,
Which in our daily uses followed after,
Was all untuned to pity and to awe:)
'*A cup of chocolate,*
One farthing is the rate,
You drink it through a straw.'

How could I know, how know
Those laughing words when drenched with sobbing so?
Another voice than yours, than yours, he hath.
My dear, was 't worth his breath,
His mighty utterance?—yet he saith, and saith!
This dreadful Death to his own dreadfulness
Doth dreadful wrong,
This dreadful childish babble on his tongue.
That iron tongue made to speak sentences,
And wisdom insupportably complete,
Why should it only say the long night through,
In mimicry of you,—
'*A cup of chocolate,*
One farthing is the rate,
You drink it through a straw, a straw, a straw!'

Oh, of all sentences,
Piercingly incomplete!
Why did you teach that fatal mouth to draw,
Child, impermissible awe,
From your old trivialness?
Why have you done me this
Most unsustainable wrong,

TO MONICA THOUGHT DYING

And into Death's control
Betrayed the secret places of my soul?—
Teaching him that his lips,
Uttering their native earthquake and eclipse,
Could never so avail
To rend from hem to hem the ultimate veil
Of this most desolate
Spirit, and leave it stripped and desecrate,—
Nay, never so have wrung
From eyes and speech weakness unmanned, unmeet,
As when his terrible dotage to repeat
Its little lesson learneth at your feet;
As when he sits among
His sepulchres, to play
With broken toys your hand has cast away,
With derelict trinkets of the darling young.
Why have you taught—that he might so complete
His awful panoply
From your cast playthings—why,
This dreadful childish babble to his tongue,
Dreadful and sweet?

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

On a Dead Child

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
Thy father's pride;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff;
Yet feels to my hand as if
Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

ON A DEAD CHILD

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither
hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and
awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have
heard of, fail us.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

IMMORTAL CHILDREN

Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child.

LEIGH HUNT.

A bachelor's children are always young: they're immortal children—always lisping, waddling, helpless, and with a chance of turning out good.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Dream Children

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay,

and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed'. And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eye-brows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children,

having us to the great-house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their

great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when

the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

CHARLES LAMB.

Lucy Gray

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!'

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

LUCY GRAY

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

. . . . . .

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Emblems of Joy

THOSE who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, 'of these are the kingdom of heaven.' Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the 'knowledge of good and evil,' losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

LEIGH HUNT.

Catherine Linton

I WAS lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple: a circumstance observed by me when awake, but forgotten. 'I must stop it, nevertheless!' I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch; instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little ice-cold hand! The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, 'Let me in—let me in!' 'Who are you?' I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself. 'Catherine Linton,' it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton*? I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton)—'I'm come home: I'd lost my way on the moor!' As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window. Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, 'Let me in!' and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear. 'How can I!' I said at length, 'Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!' The fingers relaxed,

I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer. I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour; yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on! 'Begone!' I shouted. 'I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years.' 'It is twenty years,' mourned the voice: 'twenty years. I've been a waif for twenty years!' Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward. . . .

EMILY BRONTË.

God gave to me a Child in part

GOD gave to me a child in part,
Yet wholly gave the father's heart;
Child of my soul, O whither now,
Unborn, unmothered, goest thou?

You came, you went, and no man wist;
Hapless, my child, no breast you kist;
On no dear knees, a privileged babbler, clomb,
Nor knew the kindly feel of home.

GOD GAVE TO ME A CHILD IN PART

My voice may reach you, O my dear,—
A father's voice perhaps the child may hear;
And, pitying, you may turn your view
On that poor father whom you never knew.

Alas! alone he sits, who then,
Immortal among mortal men
Sat hand in hand with love, and all day through
With your dear mother wondered over you.

R. L. Stevenson.

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'A comparatively modern recension of *The Bitter Withy*, modified so that it shall the better accord with a truer conception of the character of Jesus.' Cecil J. Sharp.
The version given here has been put together by

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Mr. Sharp, who has combined, with two old Broadsides, sets transmitted orally.

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Anthony Wood refers in his *Athenae Oxonienses* (Sec. 502. i. col.) to 'Richard Verstegan, or as some call him Rich. Rowland, a great reviver of our English Antiquities and a most admirable Critic in the Saxon and Gothic Languages,' and identifies him with R. V., author of the Odes in Imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalms published at Antwerp in 1601. The first four verses of Our Ladies Lullaby were printed in Martin Peerson's Private Music in 1620 and were copied from there by A. H. Bullen and others without reference to Verstegan (or Rowland). The same verses have since been reprinted in The Oxford Book of English Verse and elsewhere over the name of Richard Rowlands, but apparently the poem has not been printed in full since 1601. Verstegan's biography has been written in Flemish by H. Sermon (1893).

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A Little Book for Little Children: Wherein are set down in a plain and pleasant way, Directions for spelling, and other remarkable Matters, Adorn'd with Cuts, By T. W. Printed for G. C. and sold at the Ring in Little-Britain. 11th edition, 1702. (Chap. IX. Advice 4) 246
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